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NYM CRINKLE'S FEUILLETON

The Still Alarm a Play that was Fashioned Rather than Written—The Merit of Masculinity—A Hero who is a Simple, Straightforward Man of the People—An Old Problem in Stage Representation—Modern Drama Deals with Actions, not Thoughts—Crinkle's Blue-Pencil Supervision of Arthur's Play—The Humiliating Consequences of Authorship in a Bad Play.

Mr. Joseph Arthur's play, *The Still Alarm*, cannot be considered as a part of literature. It belongs to the modern artifice of the stage. Plays like *The Still Alarm* are not written so much as they are fashioned.

Mr. Arthur believed that the introduction of a working fire-engine and horses upon the stage would be novel, thrilling and successful. It was not entirely novel, for it had been done before. Whether or not it was thrilling I shall discuss presently. It was certainly successful.

He studied out the whole business, made and patented his scene and machinery, and bought his horses. This was the nucleus and framework of his play.

When the story began to accrete about it—and the story also is his—he came to me. I said what I say now: "It is not a specially new story or idea, the moving motive being that of an innocent man in the toils of a designing villain, who makes his daughter the price of his silence. This is as familiar as the woman who marries one man and then proceeds to love another. The incidents, saving that of the 'still alarm,' are not original and the characters are not creations."

Mr. Arthur said distinctly that he was constructing a play to make money, not to acquire dramatic fame or literary praise. And when he had constructed it I said that it had one merit that neither Belasco nor Howells, neither Gunter nor Howard, had put into work that had far greater claims to literary distinction.

It was at least masculine. It presented a New York fireman who was a man without being a bravo; who exhibited the kind of heroism that, we may thank Heaven for, exists everywhere but in the literature of our generation; a man who cannot be frightened or bought by villainy, who can always do one thing, namely, die when the time comes and not make any noise about it; who doesn't philosophize or analyze or temporize, but acts.

In my opinion it is the presentment of this man, clumsy as the presentment may be at times, that made the success of the piece, and not the mechanism by which he was surrounded, and I think Mr. Arthur deserves praise for having worked out, without superfluous words, and certainly with no attempt at fine writing, this simple, straightforward man of the people.

Mr. Jack Manly, as he is called in the play, does not understand how an innocent man can be successfully blackmailed in our day. It does not enter into his composition to make terms with villains, and when policy and cowardice would bar the door and shut him silently in a room, he dashes out the sash with a chair and goes down the fire-escape.

This is just exactly what nine-tenths of all the men in the audience (if we except perhaps the literary portion of it) would have done, and it naturally occurs to every critic to ask if the doing what everybody would do, is ever a notable thing in any kind of art.

I don't myself think it is, but I am compelled to acknowledge that on the modern stage it is not the exceptional but the commonplace, the ordinary and not the extraordinary, that wins popular favor.

We come here squarely abreast of the old problem in stage representation that has never been satisfactorily solved. Not even Boucicault is able to tell us why a horse and cab that attract no attention whatever on the street will arouse enthusiasm on the boards; and the Brooklyn Bridge, which is so familiar to our eye that we do not stop to notice it, or the Elevated railroad whose aerial clamor does not make us look up, will in the painted scene awaken an interest that is unquestionable and infectious.

Thus we have in *The Still Alarm* a steam fire engine house with horses and apparatus. All the details of getting to a fire are carefully and correctly reproduced. But we can see them all every day of our lives by looking in the doorway of a fire station, and they can

never in real life produce the same thrill that they produce in the mimic scene.

I say this is a problem. I do not mean to say that it is utterly inexplicable. I think a moment's consideration of it will give us a clue if not a solution.

I can understand that I will watch the preparations of the steamer to get to the fire with a new interest when I am acquainted with the people who are in danger and understand how much villainy will be baffled by its reaching its destination. The cab on the street has no story, and whatever its motive of action, it is hidden. On the stage it is laid bare.

With this understanding it is not difficult to see why Mr. Arthur's fire-scene wakes the popular echoes. Intense physical action of any kind always does it, and it is with physical action in all its grades, from a bull fight to a grand opera, that the drama deals.

Those critics who fancy that the drama deals

but in systematic order really. The hero leaps to his seat on the machine; he seizes the reins, and with a shout of "Let her go!" tears across the stage in fire and smoke and disappears in a whirl.

To say that this did not create what we call a "genuine sensation" would be simply untrue. To say that it *should* create it, is quite another sort of thing. I confess that the scene and the excitement of the audience did not leave my own nerves untouched. And I have said the same thing of a dog fight very often.

Your histrionic horse is a most uncertain quantity. I love him in the stable and I prize him in the field, but in a *role*—Heavens, Ned Goodwin himself is more reliable! I remember away back, when, in *Herne the Hunter*, at the old Broadway, he leaped into the orchestra and impaled himself on the first flute. I recall how he once in *Lohengrin* went through a trap, and in *Hearts of Steel* pulled

up as a mock spouter who had fine lines to fire at the critics or deep, inscrutable motives that nobody but the New York *Herald* could understand. "You'll make a lot of money with that play, my boy," I said, "because it isn't great or good. It's almost as bad as *Under the Gaslight* or *Across the Continent*."

And Joe embraced me, and wept and wanted to call me his guardian angel.

I had no other hand in it than this, and if you knew how many plays have had the same hand in them you would be delighted, but astonished. To take the credit for the work would be to out-Belasco Belasco. So on the night of the performance, when Mr. Ned Buckley (who, by the way, ought to have played the part of Jack Manly) asked me if I wrote it, I said no. When John Carboy asked me the same question I replied, "Not a line." When two *Herald* reporters wanted to know if I had any hand in it I said: "You'll say I did

heavy rosebud. I shall never, never forget the bitterness of that blow—and from her hand, too.

I sank down overwhelmed with shame and mortification.

The only explanation Joe Arthur had to make was: "Well, I said it because I'm a white man."

He was. I never saw a whiter (while he was making it).

"But," I said, "do you know what a collaborator means?"

"Yes; it's an editor," said he.

"Well," I said, "I suppose you will divide the profits with me now?"

Then Joe began to resume his color.

I forgave him. But that blow from Sydney Armstrong—ah, me!

P. S. Since writing the above I have been humiliated still further. Telegrams and letters from all sources have reached me. One old enemy that I haven't spoken to for twenty years writes:

At last you have had a hand in a bad play. You will now be above want. I congratulate your family. I suppose you are too proud to forget old enemies. Ever yours,

This is a telegram from a tailor:

Your play is rubbish. There is no longer any excuse for your delay in paying my bill. With your income now, you can at least settle with me and make a new bill.

The following explains itself:

SIR:—I would not have come to town about that mortgaged had I not read in the *Herald* that you had written a rubbishy play. If this is true, you will, I am sure, not have to foreclose that mortgage. I appeal to your better nature. If, as my heart tells me, the play is awfully bad, your affluence ought to make you lenient. Yours, etc.

Here is one from an actress:

DEAR CRINKLE:—I hear that *The Still Alarm* is a dismally bad piece—cheap, commonplace, mechanical. Heaven grant it may be so. I always felt in my soul that you would get there if you persevered. Write me at once, and let me know that my fondest hopes have been realized. I saw Peck, who wrote Peck's Bad Boy, yesterday. He asked me quite solemnly, "Is it true that Nym Crinkle has written a bad play?" "Thank Heaven!" I cried, "I hear it is true." "Then," said Peck, "he'll be swelling round in the Park, I suppose and buying a yacht." Write me at once and let me know how bad it is.

Then I get the following from my mother-in-law:

MY DEAR SON:—I have seen the *Herald*, and I hear that you have written a bad play. It is high time. I have found a house on Fifth Avenue which I have engaged for my daughter. Let me know at once how bad the play is, and I will engage the draymen to move us in. I send bill for the few things I have bought at Tiffany's. YOUR MOTHER.

Yesterday morning I was waited on by three soapmen and two baking-powder agents for the first time in my life. They wanted certificates and orders. I was indignant and ordered them out. They went away murmuring: "I guess it can't be such a gold-darned bad play after all. He don't seem to be very flush."

Oh, my friends! If you must write plays, write good ones, and you will have peace and comfort. On your life don't write bad ones, or you will be plunged into affluence and misery beyond all human help. N. C.

A Glimpse of Allan Dare.

"We have fourteen carpenters and six scenic artists at work on Allan Dare, which is to be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre on next Monday night," said J. Charles Davis, manager of the People's Theatre, to a representative of THE MIRROR the other day. "and the scenery, which is all new, will be of the grandest description. Admiral Porter will be present at the first performance. The cast will include Frank Carlisle, Wilton Lackaye, W. H. Thompson, Luke Martin, R. Wilson, Louise Pomeroy, Agnes Proctor and Addie Cumming. The piece will be seen for two weeks at the Fifth Avenue, after which it opens on Sept. 19, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Secretary Whitney has called the North Atlantic Squadron, under Admiral Luce, to that city, and the officers will be present at the opening."

"As you know, the play is a dramatization of a novel by Admiral D. D. Porter, of the United States Navy, and was given a trial performance in San Francisco by McKee Rankin last year. The piece deals with twin brothers who are separated, and, owing to a chain of circumstances, are pitted against each other throughout the play. Allan is a famous detective, and his brother is a common house-breaker. They are each clever, and the efforts of the detective to capture the criminal and the other's wild escapades and narrow escapes are exciting enough for any audience that ever filled a theatre. A fine company, including Louise Pomeroy, Agnes Proctor, Addie Cumming, Frank Carlisle, Luke Martin and others, has been engaged."



EDWARD HARRIGAN.

with thoughts make a great mistake. It has to do with actions only. Anything else is poetry or literature.

The one scene of *The Still Alarm* which is new is shaped round the engine-room. The villain of the play has cut the alarm wires and set fire to the house in which is the hero-fireman's girl. Ordinarily this alarm would strike the bell, and horses and men would respond. Now the alarm comes through a telephone and, in the language of the place, is "still."

The message received is "What's the matter with your wires? Fire raging here in the Fifth district!" The hero springs to the telegraph box to discover that the wires are all cut. He seizes a mallet and strikes the gong desperately. In an instant all the machinery of the place begins to work. You hear the stamp of the horses; they spring under the suspended harness; the men slip down from their bunks; everything is in hurried confusion apparently,

down one side of the stage. I have always had an idea that the way to use the theatric horse was to do as Lester Wallace did in *The Veteran*. (Was it *The Veteran* or *Rosedale*?) Keep him on the bills and off the boards.

I am now convinced that the way to use him theatrically is in double harness.

As Mr. Lacy said when he got upon the engine and picked up the reins: "He knows his lines better than any man upon the stage."

Now, let me be frank with you and tell you about my share in this work. Mr. Arthur, who conceived and fashioned this play, brought his manuscript to me. My share in it was what they call in a newspaper office a "blue-pencil supervision." I kept cutting out as fast as he put in. I slaughtered some of his best speeches. I added a comma here and a preposition there. I begged him to let Jack Manly appear as a simple man of to-day that every boy of ten years old could understand, and not put him

if it fails, and if it succeeds you'll forget to mention it." I told everybody the simple truth—how could I, with my little hatchet, do otherwise?

Well, after the fire scene the audience bellowed for the author. I helped them. Out comes Joe Arthur, looking very white and very bald, as if crushed under a weight of whoa, and told them that he regretted very much that his collaborator, Nym Crinkle, was not present to share his honors.

Fancy my feelings! There I sat with his glittering basilisk eye fixed on me in the parquet. Every fiend began to yell for the other fellow. I got up. "Liar!" I heard John Carboy hiss. "Hypocrite," "deceiver," "villain," were some of the tributes that fell upon me. Ned Buckley ground his teeth. Louis Aldrich tried to crush me with reproach. Sydney Armstrong, who was in a box, struck me in the left eye with a

At the Theatres.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—ONE AGAINST MANY.

Baron Dimitri Mentschikoff..... Francis D. Reinas
Prince Michaelovitch..... Dan Leeson
Herr Imhoff Zamoroff..... Alfred Klein
Cuthbert C. Omondely..... Albert Roberts
Herman Muller..... George De Vere
Henri La Roche..... Redfield Clarke
Fedor..... Frederick Goldthwaite
Countess Olga Laposchkin..... Katie Gilbert
Vassilissa Turgeneff..... Carrie Jackson
Neira..... E. E. Germon
Pierre De Montalambert..... John L. Burleigh

The changes made by Manager Hill in the approach and interior of the Union Square Theatre are so extensive that the public have been virtually given a new playhouse. The old Union Square was never aesthetically in keeping with its dramatic importance. Gaunt and unlovely, it seemed fitter for yokels than metropolises, and the incongruity of the barren auditorium was further emphasised by the frequent richness of the settings and the noteworthy opulence of histrionic talent displayed on the stage during the major part of its memorable history. With his fat bank-account for an enchanter's wand, Mr. Hill has effected a most complete and beautiful metamorphosis. The audience on Monday, the opening night of the season, found more to admire in the improvements of the house than in either Mr. Gunter's drama, *One Against Many*, or the efforts of the actors. This was fortunate, because, under less cheerful circumstances, the play and the players might have been grieved and derided more seriously than they were.

The entrance to the theatre has been palatial white, and by removing the partitions that formerly formed the offices, the lobby has derived spaciousness. Owing to the troubles with the labor unions, the decorations of the entrance were incomplete; but when the cherry and bevelled glass panelling is finished the approach will be attractive and brilliant. On entering the parquette the eye is first caught by the novel and exquisite arrangement of the boxes and proscenium. The former are walled and draped with plush of harmonious shades. The pillars have been removed, and the boxes rest upon trusses, thus giving a free view of the entire stage from all parts of them and removing obstructions to the vision of those seated close to the walls in the balcony. The proscenium is flanked by plush panels, and an arch, prettily frescoed, curves above. The balcony and gallery balustrades are hung with plush draperies matching those of the boxes. The walls are beautified by a rich paper, embossed with a warm and artistic design. Thick velvet carpets of aesthetic color and pattern cover the floors. The lambrequin above the stage is painted to represent curtains of heavy fabric, and in the centre is a bust of the Bard, with the legend above—"All the world's a stage." The seats are of carved cherry, upholstered in delicate embossed plush. They are wide and easy. The orchestra is sunk in a pit beneath the footlights, thus giving space for seats down to the edge of the stage, which is bordered with tropical plants.

The general effect is uniquely luxurious, reminding one forcibly of the prettiest Parisian theatres. Mr. Hill can pride himself on possessing a playhouse distinctly different from any other in this country and eminently worthy to rank with those accounted the most beautiful.

Mr. Gunter's play is utter rubbish. Its serious elements border so closely on the farcical and *vice versa* that we would incline to the belief that Mr. Gunter perpetrated *One Against Many* as a huge joke. Did we not know that it was written and presented in dead earnest. Evidently Mr. Gunter is incapable of writing in any vein save burlesque. The extravagance of his plot, the extraordinary and grotesque accents to cheap melodramatic heights, and the equally remarkable and ludicrous descents to the lowest of low comedy, make it almost impossible to believe in either his sincerity or his earnestness. Anybody who could gravely submit such a mixture of rhodomontade, bluster, puerile device and highfalutin' improbability as *One Against Many*, might readily be mistaken for a victim of aggravated dramatic lunacy.

Sardou, in producing *Fedora* some years ago, was responsible for making Russian plays the fashion. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Bartley Campbell and many less conspicuous lights were infected with the epidemic, and the stage has echoed to the tread of Nihilists, Princes and serfs, while samovars, droschky's and characters with unpronounceable names ending in *vitch*, *hoff* and *ski* have become as common as duds and cigarettes. Russia and Russian society form a pretty safe background for the dramatist to employ, because he possesses the comforting assurance that our public knows really as little about either as he does. To the maker of plays it is a country as serviceable as the Dark Continent is to the writer of tales of adventure. He can trade upon the ignorance and credulity of the spectator to his heart's content. Can one imagine what a source of amazement the production of *One Against Many* would be were some enterprising Russian impresario, in search of novelties, to produce it at the Marie or Alexander Theatre in St. Petersburg? And what a flattering opinion would the subjects of the Czar form of a public in a Western metropolis that would seriously accept such a palpable and ridiculous travesty?

Mr. Gunter, like many other Americans, seems to have acquired his singular knowledge of contemporary Russian character and customs from the occasional sensational dispatches that appear in our enterprising daily papers.

According to Gunter, Siberia and Nihilism are the sole topics of conversation and the sole subjects of interest in the Czar's dominions. Evidently the suggestion for his story was obtained from the career of Vera Sassulitch, who in the interests of Nihilism attempted the life of General Trepoff and the plot of assassination that brought about the death of General de Mesentzoff, chief of the secret police, in 1878. But the basis of reality is so vaguely used, and the convolutions of the play are so incoherent, that the result is confusing and uninteresting.

Mr. Gunter introduces us to a young Russian Countess who has just come of age, is plighted to Baron Mentschikoff, head of the secret police, but loves an attaché of the French Legation at Petersburg named Pierre de Montalambert. The Countess Olga has been drawn into the ranks of the Nihilists by her guardian, Prince Michaelovitch and his wife Neira, for the purpose of sending her to Siberia and securing her valuable estates. These three, together with Muller, a Socialist steward, Zamoroff, a Jewish usurer, and one other, form a Nihilist circle of six. By the use of some napkins and sympathetic ink (which play a laughable part in the machinations of the enemies to despotism) the circle is convened. Montalambert discovers that Olga is in danger that she is to be selected as the instrument to destroy Mentschikoff, thereby placing herself within the power of the authorities. He resolves to save her, and proceeds to do it in a new Prince Albert coat and with a constant and imperturbable smile of self-satisfaction. Montalambert visits Olga when the head of the police is expected. He avows himself the originator of the plan of assassination; then offers to renounce Olga for the price of a free passport, and finally, as the Baron is about to put a pair of handcuffs on the young lady (who happens to be his cousin as well as his affianced), asks permission to do the job himself. The three kneel behind a table, and when they rise it is found that the "bracelets" adorn the wrists of the police instead of his prisoner. This gives the gallery boy a chance to whistle and the curtain to come down on the second act. In the final act three of the napkins, saturated with chloroform, reappear to suppress the Baron and give Olga's unerring lover a chance to set everything straight.

The most painful efforts are made to weave trivial incidents into the action. The napkins became so prevalent in the first act that they were unanimously voted a downright nuisance, and the spectator felt impelled to confiscate them forthwith, constitute himself chairman *pro tem* of the Nihilist circle and call their meeting to order without further parley or palaver. Mr. Gunter's peculiarities were never more amusingly illustrated than in the treatment of the leading character, the French attaché of legation. This person combines the suavity of Dazille, the fertility of Vidocq, the penetration of Inspector Byrnes, the repartee of one of Justice Duffy's Sunday morning drunk-and-disorderlies and the omniscience of God. He smiles and smiles, and with unflinching serenity meets and overthrows the villainy of the "many," protects the heroine from dangers all unseen save by himself, and works up clues with a richness of imagination and a certainty of success never before equalled on any stage. So complex is his logic, so marvelously mysterious his schemes in innocent virtue's interests, that even Olga herself cannot understand him always, but as an agreeable act of supererogation, at one time renounces him forever, when he, in his superior wisdom, has already seen fit to renounce her. Such a congregation of villains and plotters as surround our valiant French friend and his sweetheart were probably never before summoned together by any dramatist. They are all more or less at cross purposes among themselves, but they unite in the one grand object of making things hot for Olga and her Pierre. The situations are startling because they are unexpected, but the unexpected is always the probable in the dramatic lexicon of Mr. Gunter. The language is the language of the conventional hack; it makes no pretensions to literary merit; the "points" are punctuated with such appropriate and serviceable exclamations as "My God!" and "My soul!" and bits of humorous colloquialism are oddly jumbled up with the passages that are meant to be intense. There is a perplexing vagueness in the first act as to the motives and relations of the dramatic persons which the spectator's imagination is left to dissipate. In the second act the characters, however, get down to the real work of villainy or succor, as the case may be, and the sun of Mr. Gunter's eventual perspicuity finally breaks up the prevailing fog.

Mr. Burleigh, in the leading part, was nervous and ill at ease. In appearance he is burly as well as in name. He recalls Charles Thorne, Jr., and his methods faintly resemble that deceased actor's. Mr. Burleigh is occasionally vigorous, but his work is crude and gives no suggestion of the intellectual capacity he is credited with possessing. At times on Monday evening he seemed to be on the verge of collapse; his voice sunk to an almost inaudible pitch and he relaxed all effort to act. There was no particular appreciation of such elements of distraction as Montalambert's character possessed. In the climax to the second act he rose to the situation and was effective.

Probably, when nervousness wears off and he has become familiar with his lines, Mr. Burleigh's performance will be more satisfac-

tory. His manly presence is greatly in his favor, and there is a ring of earnestness in much that he does. There is this to be urged in his behalf, moreover: In such a role and such a play it would be a difficult task even for an actor of large experience and undoubted talents to be acceptable, much less effective. Mr. Burleigh's pronunciation was at times astonishing. He slaughtered the Queen's English in the coolest manner. We were prepared by this tendency for the frightful mutilation of the French words that are sprinkled through his part. "Attache," "Bong voige," "Rooy Jeroo'lem," "Pier" and "Pee-tee" were a few of Mr. Burleigh's more notable achievements in this direction. This sort of thing is inexcusable when it is reflected that impecunious foreigners by the score advertise to teach French in a few lessons for a ridiculously small sum.

Mr. Leeson was rather amusing as the arch-villain, Prince Michaelovitch. This aristocratic personage possesses some of the peculiarities of Mr. Flintwinch, deriving much satisfaction from pinching his flirtatious wife's arm surreptitiously now and then. Mr. Klein began very well as Zamoroff, the financier, but in the effort to give the character a lot of detail he was tiresome and sometimes vulgar. Mr. Roberts was excellent as the imbecile diplomat, Cholmondeley. Mr. De Vere disappeared early in the play. The only loss was a capital make-up.

Katie Gilbert was overweighted as Olga. She over-acted continually. She wore some handsome gowns. Miss Gilbert is not destined, we think, to achieve distinction as an emotional actress. The most natural and agreeable acting in the play was done by Miss Jackson as the maid Vassilissa. She is a pretty and graceful young lady, with a sweet voice and charming manner. Miss Germon, as a mature intrigant, was not favored with opportunities concordant with her merits and experience. The play was neatly staged.

FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE—STILL ALARM.

Jack Manley..... Harry Lacy
John Bird..... Nelson Wheatcroft
Willie Manley..... Charles Dickens
Doc Wilbur..... Jacques Kruger
Franklin Fordham..... E. A. Eberle
Joseph Jones..... M. J. Gallagher
Joshua..... Thomas W. Ford
Elinore Fordham..... Blanche Thorne
Cad Wilbur..... Blanche Vargha
Mrs. Manley..... Mrs. Selden Irwin

The author of *The Still Alarm* deserves more credit than he is likely to get from the critics. He has the substantial assurance, however, that his work will meet with popular and pecuniary appreciation among a large class of playgoers in this city and throughout the country. The opening sentence of this article may create wonderment among those that have elsewhere been told that there are no literary pretensions to Mr. Arthur's play, that it is trite and mechanical, that its claims to attention rest chiefly upon the realistic introduction of an engine-house and a pair of trained horses—that it is, in short, a "sensational" piece.

But it is simply as a "sensational" production that it should be judged. The critics are not called upon to ventilate their opinions as to the meretricious phases of the "sensational" play in its relations to dramatic art; it is their duty to measure *The Still Alarm* by such a standard as is afforded by observation of and comparison with the rest of its class. But the critics entertain misguided ideas as to their duty in this respect; priggishness, or aestheticism, or idealism or something has led the majority of them to look down on Mr. Arthur's play from a lofty critical eminence, naturally to its disadvantage and disparagement. That is why we began this notice by saying he deserves more consideration than he will receive.

But the public verdict has been most acclamatory and unanimously given in favor of the production, and Mr. Arthur, who avowedly wrote *The Still Alarm* with no other end in view than to make money, will find eminent satisfaction, as well as profit, in it, while snapping his cheerful fingers at the captious critics.

The strong points in the play are the lucidity of the story, the conformance to tried methods in treating it, the distinct definition of the relations borne by the characters to one another, the directness and aptness of the dialogue, and the melodramatic strength of the principal situations. There is no attempt whatever at subtlety or *finesse*. There is a healthy, hearty, business-like style maintained throughout. Hecuba is smoothly and quickly come to, and the points are made with precision and force. There are heroics for the gallery and manhood for the boxes; there is comedy of the broad and local type for all. The color of city life is capably laid on, and there is not so much of it as to become obtrusive. The absence of "fine writing" and grandiloquence is admirable. Here and there a really clever line gives evidence of the hand of a certain clever Mr. Nym Crinkle, of whom more anon.

The story is a plain, unvarnished tale of love and heroism self-sacrifice and devotion; villainy, its pursuit and subjugation. It is an old story, but it is one that, well-handled, never fails to arouse the sympathies and excite the interest of a mixed audience. The stock devices are well employed, while the big sensation of the piece—the still alarm and its consequences—is most ingeniously introduced.

Jack Manley is the trusted clerk of Franklin Fordham. He is engaged to the latter's daughter Elinore. One John Bird has acquired a rascally hold on Fordham, and he uses it to demand the hand and fortune of Elinore. The

latter, to save the father from ruin, consents to sacrifice herself and her lover and wed Bird. Jack is discharged from his position of trust and lapses into poverty and melancholy. The heart-broken Elinore visits him, there to explain the cause of her conduct. Jack demands the name of the man in whose power her father is. She refuses to divulge it. Bird comes knocking at the door. Manley tries to get at him, but Elinore bars the door. He smashes the window with a chair, and rushes down the fire-escape to intercept his unknown enemy. This forms a startling finale to the second act. The third begins with a scene between Bird and an old inebriate, Doc Wilbur, who was the former's companion in the abduction of Fordham's younger daughter years before, and who can free the father from Bird's toils. Doc is repentant, and he manages, by a clever ruse, to abstract the documentary evidence of Bird's guilt, which he dispatches to Manley by a messenger-boy. Discovering his loss, Bird plunders Doc and hurries to the engine-house, where Manley (who is now a fireman) is employed to secure the message. The next scene shows the interior of the engine-house, and a wonderfully accurate and realistic scene it is. We are shown all the paraphernalia, including the upper story, with the firemen's bunks and sliding poles, the stalls with the horses, the engine and the fire-alarm apparatus. Bird comes just in time to get the message. He conceives the idea of firing the Fordham residence and destroying Doc and preventing rescue by cutting the wires of the fire signal. He carries out the plan. A "still alarm," however, comes to the hero over the telephone. He sounds the gong with a mallet. The firemen don their boots and slide down to their posts of duty; the horses leap to their places; Jack takes the driver's seat, and in a cloud of smoke the engine dashes out of the house and down a street seen in perspective. The rapidity and realism of the engine's departure were most exciting, and the parquette and gallery broke into prolonged and enthusiastic applause.

Jack saves Elinore from the flames. The eve of her marriage to Bird arrives. She again visits Jack in his home, finding him, apparently, extremely ill. His sickness is a ruse intended to entice Bird, who comes in search of his fiancée. At last Jack meets his adversary face to face. He springs from his couch and, in the struggle that ensues, wrests from him the document that absolves Fordham from his power. Bird is captured by a policeman. Jack, of course, gets Elinore, and Fordham has restored to him his long missing daughter.

The piece was admirably put on, and the thoroughness of its preparation was shown by the smoothness of the action. In a play full of bustle and movement this is an important factor of success. The audience found the story absorbing and the comedy congenial, and there was no dearth of applause, cheers and laughter during the evening. After the third act "author" was vociferously called out. Mr. Arthur, looking as white as a sheet, came before the curtain, thanked the people for their reception of the play and regretted that his collaborator, Mr. A. C. Wheeler (Nym Crinkle), was not present to thank them, too. Thereupon the spectators yelled for Wheeler, and that modest and retiring gentleman, who occupied his critic's seat in the parquette, was forced to rise and bow his acknowledgments. Mr. Wheeler informs us seriously that the only assistance he rendered in the writing of *The Still Alarm* was to suggest certain alterations and contribute the pathetic little story of a brother fireman's death, told by Manley in the engine-house.

Mr. Lacy was more sturdy and heroic in the leading role than could have been expected in view of the previous work he has done. The rough manliness, staunch loyalty and assertive honesty of the character were very well portrayed. In some of the scenes he moped and maundered, but, generally speaking, he was alert, virile and fully equal to the requirements of the role. Mr. Wheatcroft added another strong picture to his rapidly multiplying dramatic rogues' gallery. We know of no other actor so competent to delineate the black-hearted villains of melodrama. What is more, to each he gives distinct characteristics, manifesting an enormous versatility in the portrayal of vice. Mr. Dickens had a small but agreeable comedy part, which he of course played for all it was worth. Jacques Kruger's Doc Wilbur was an impersonation of the Dickens order, well-rounded, whimsically patterned. Mr. Eberle was somewhat monotonous in the old man's part of Fordham. Mr. Gallagher gave considerable unction to the character of the Irish "vamp," whose ruling passion causes him to hang round the engine-house. It would be better to make this part a superannuated fire-ladder of the Mose pattern, with a flavor of the old talk and the old days when the boys ran wild de machine.

Miss Thorne was charming as Elinore. This young lady has inherited in a large measure the family talent and many of the family characteristics. She is graceful, handsome, earnest and intelligent, and her costumes in this piece are gems of elegance and good taste. Blanche Vargha had the sourette part—a jolly song and dance "artist"—and she played it blithely. Her songs and banjo-playing considerably enlivened some of the scenes. Mrs. Irwin was motherly as Mrs. Manley.

The scenery, as we have said, was very good,

as were the novel mechanical effects. The *Still Alarm* will be given for two weeks at the Fourteenth Street. It is certain to crowd the house every night.

STAR THEATRE—HELD BY THE ENEMY.

Mej. Gen. H. B. Stamburg..... Charles W. Stokes
Colonel Charles Fremont..... Henry Miller
Lieut. Gordon Hayne..... Ben. Graham
Bridade Surgeon Fielding..... Melbourne McDowell
Thomas Henry Bass..... William Gillette
Uncle Rufus..... Leslie Allen
Euphemia McCreery..... Mrs. Kate Denin Wilson
Rachel McCreery..... Carrie Turner
Susan McCreery..... Louise Dillon

The regular season at the Star began very auspiciously on Monday evening with a revival of Mr. Gillette's successful drama, *Held by the Enemy*. Interest was lent to the occasion by the appearance of several new people in the cast and the utilization of some new and altered material in the play itself.

The changes are for the most part judicious. While they do not especially affect the story, they augment its wealth of incident and increase the effectiveness of its military background. The most radical of these changes are in the arrangement of the third act, which is laid in an old warehouse. The place for the nonce is the Division Headquarters. It is supposed to be under fire, and a startling bit of realism is introduced in the projection and bursting of a shell through the wall.

The author made his first appearance here in the part of Bean, the special artist. His acting was spontaneous and droll. It elicited hearty applause and laughter. Miss Dillon repeated her charming picture of the arch and ingenuous Southern maiden. In the course of the evening she received a special recall. Leslie Allen's Uncle Rufus was a delicious characterization. Miss Turner was sympathetic and on occasion dramatic as Rachel, while Henry Miller gave more force and expression to the Colonel than that personage ever received before. Messrs. Graham, McDowell, Stokes, and Mrs. Kate Denin Wilson assisted in making the performance admirable. The piece was excellently put on. It will remain at the Star for two weeks. On Tuesday night the 540th representation was commemorated with souvenirs.

Phillip Goucher's new drop-curtain was on view for the first time. It is an excellent piece of painting and adds another feather to the artist's cap.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—JIM THE PENMAN.

James Ralston..... Joseph E. Whiting
Louis Percival..... H. M. Pitt
Baron Hartfield..... Ian Robertson
Captain Redwood..... W. J. Ferguson
Lord Dreincourt..... S. Miller Kent
Jack Ralston..... J. B. Booth
Mr. Chapstone, Q. C..... H. S. Millard
Dr. Pettibone..... Lyander Thompson
Mr. Netherby, M. F..... Harry J. Holliday
George, a servant..... Edward Stancille
Nina (Mrs. Ralston)..... Ada Dyas
Agnes, her daughter..... Evelyn Campbell
Lady Dunscombe..... Jennie Eustace
Mrs. Chapstone..... Kate Ferguson

On Monday night Jim the Penman was presented for the first time in a metropolitan combination theatre. The audience was large, but it was not of that order of intelligence that could easily grasp all the subtleties of this most powerful drama. In fact, several fine points passed unnoticed. Still, the earnest attention of the audience was kept up to a high notch of interest, and the applause, while not at any time very enthusiastic, was frequent enough to stamp the drama as a big success on the East side. Two or three strong scenes were marred by the giggling and snickering of some idiot's upstairs, and there was some hissing at the disturbers. But hissing also disturbs.

Of last season's cast at the Madison Square, H. M. Pitt, as Louis Percival, alone remains in the present production. In the few scenes that give him opportunity he acted with suppressed power, and as the victim of the Penman, and afterward as the shield to the villain's family, the actor made the tenderness and manliness of his lines tell upon the audience. Mr. Pitt brought out all the manly attributes of the part and made an emphatic hit. Joseph E. Whiting gave a fine portrayal of the remorseful Jim. One could almost see a physical change in the man as he slowly succumbed to the disease that years of crime and the strain upon the conscience of a proud and sensitive man had brought about. There was a hush upon the audience when the final spasms of heart-disease seized him and he fell a corpse. Ada Dyas needs to appear in a few more performances before she will show her best work in the role of the suffering Mrs. Ralston. However, she displayed a fine conception of the part, and altogether gave a commendable performance. There were slight signs of nervousness, but these were not seen in the strong scenes in which Mrs. Ralston denounces her husband. That odd bit, Captain Redwood, the fop detective, was capably played by that admirable eccentric comedian, W. J. Ferguson. His idiosyncrasy of manner convulsed the audience; his sudden transition to seriousness, at critical moments, drew forth spontaneous applause. Mr. Ferguson has added one more pronounced hit to his long list. That snaky villain, Baron Hartfield, was invested with much repulsiveness by Ian Robertson. But it was sometimes rather difficult to understand his peculiar foreign accent. S. Miller Kent was excellent as the boyish lover, Lord Dreincourt, and the same may be said of the other juvenile, J. B. Booth, in the role of Jack Ralston, pet of his mamma. Lyander Thompson was a dignified, but rather too mild, Dr. Pettibone. Agnes Ralston, Dreincourt's betrothed, was nicely played by Evelyn Campbell. The meddlesome Mrs. Dunscombe was neatly portrayed by Jennie Eustace. H. Millard, Harry J. Hol-

Friday, Kate Ferguson and Edward Stancliffe filled minor roles creditably.

PEOPLE'S THEATRE—DOMINIE'S DAUGHTER.

Rev. John Van Dever..... Henry J. Vandenhoff
Captain Dyke..... Hardy Vernon
Major Barton..... Thomas L. Coleman
Hiram Brown..... J. B. Everham
Lieutenant Robert Van Dever..... Edward McWade
Molly Van Dever..... Marion Booth
Mrs. Kasia Beekman..... Mrs. Mary F. Hill
Dorothy Beekman..... Nellie Pierce
Ann Stryker..... Mrs. W. H. Daly

This play met with an enthusiastic reception at the People's Theatre on Monday night. A well-balanced cast gave it a pleasing representation and showed it to possess the elements of a good *genre* play with forcible situations. Mr. Vandenhoff put great skill into his impersonation of the Dominie. The personation was impressive in its quiet dignity. Hardy Vernon rendered the part of Captain Dyke with a genuine ring of power, but to our thinking his attitudes in the love scene with Mollie Van Dever were awkward and ungraceful. Thomas L. Coleman acted Major Barton equally well. J. B. Everham played Hiram Brown with an amount of dry humor which amused the audience and gave ample evidence of talent. Robert Van Dever was played by Edward McWade in a very acceptable manner.

Of Marion Booth as Mollie Van Dever we must speak in terms of ample praise. Her acting was at once powerful yet sweet. At the close of the scene in which she makes the sacrifice of her love to obtain her father's release the handsome and talented young actress was enthusiastically and repeatedly recalled.

Mary E. Hill presented the role of Mrs. Kasia Beekman with that old-fashioned courtliness which unfortunately is in real life too rapidly disappearing. Mrs. W. H. Daly rendered Ann Stryker with a quaint humor very acceptable and clever. Nellie Pierce acted Dorothy Beekman with pleasant vim.

Taken as a whole the good judgment with which the cast has been selected is deserving of praise. It should ensure a large measure of popularity for the piece.

Edmund Collier, who is playing a week's engagement at the Third Avenue Theatre, appeared there on Monday night to a very large and demonstrative house in Jack Cade, the Bondman. Mr. Collier's impersonation was vigorous and incisive. It pleased the audience thoroughly, and the star received several curtain calls. Lizzie McCall Lennon, who had but three rehearsals in the part, acted Marianne excellently, receiving a large share of applause. Messrs. Collins and Stansell were efficient as Sav and Wat Worthy. Metamora was given last night. Next week, Zitka.

The White Slave opened at the Windsor on Monday night to a large audience that boisterously greeted all of the prominent characters as they appeared, and applauded every one of the thrilling passages with the same enthusiasm as they have in the past. May Newman, as Lisa, portrayed the troubled life of the White Slave so earnestly as to cause a great display of handkerchiefs among the female portion of the audience. Ida Jeffries as Nance and Mrs. Harry Courtaine as Mrs. Lee acquitted themselves creditably. R. J. Dillon was manly and passionate as Clay Britton, while James J. Tighe, "dealer in niggers and horses," was the cool, good-looking villain of the piece, William Lacy. Marie Bates as Martha, Charles Webster as Clem, and Frank Drew as Stinch, the lawyer, kept up the comedy end of the piece in a manner greatly to their credit. The balance of the company, including Jennie Bright, Griffith Gaunt, Thomas McCartney and Richard Callahan, did all that could be done with the parts that fell to them. The White Slave quartette and chorus received a number of encores for their excellent singing. Next week, the spectacle Zozo.

Bellman at Wallack's is a decided success. The audiences have been large and the representation meets with the degree of favor it so richly deserves. Suppe's music is charming, the cast is excellent, and the scenic setting could not be improved.

The Highest Bidder runs bravely on at the Lyceum to a succession of good houses. It will no doubt continue to prosper until its successor, The Great Pink Pearl, is ready.

Monsieur has not diminished in popularity since other successful rivals have entered the field. It is a delightful entertainment.

Lacardere is still prolix and clumsy in movement. The attendance at Niblo's, however, is good. Perhaps if the play continues to be presented for a few years, more or less, Mr. Kiralfy will get it down to something approaching compactness and celerity.

Next Tuesday will bring the 400th performance of Erminie, and the remarkable event will be congenially celebrated at the Casino. This will virtually end interest in Erminie's career at the home theatre, for on the 19th inst. its stage will form the background for The Marquis, an operetta that has been in course of preparation for some time past. The production spectacularly will, it is promised, surpass its predecessors, while in the cast there will appear a number of artists that are new to the patrons of this house.

The Giddy Gusher.



That some idiots are susceptible of partial education is demonstrated daily in the public prints. Now, the chump—quite off the burner—who wrote an article describing the Gould family and Edith Kingdon's means of getting a New York engagement, in one of the Sunday papers, is a shining example of the latest improvements in imparting the mechanical portion of intelligence to a darkened mind. The column is spelled correctly; there's no fault to find with the punctuation, and clearly it was written well enough for the printer to make it out. But, dear Lord! what rot.

The narrative goes on to tell of Mrs. George Gould's career as a poor girl in Boston, with her eye on a New York engagement; and of the arrival of Mr. Daly and her preparation for opening the campaign; how she sent him a good seat, and a carriage at the proper time to go sit in; how next day she went and engaged the most expensive rooms at the Adams House and borrowed articles of vertu from friends to lay round the apartment to allure him; how she got the loan of an overpowering and costly tea-gown from Rachel Noah, and, in this fictitious state received a call from the manager and effected an engagement.

I must know at the present time fifty managers, and I don't believe a tea-gown, an article of vertu, or a room in an expensive hotel would make as much impression on any one of 'em as a rotten apple on the side of a barn.

Does any one suppose that J. M. Hill would be impressed with the importance of securing a young lady because she seemed to be living at a hundred-dollar rate off a twenty-dollar salary? Would A. M. Palmer be taken in by a tea-gown? Would Abbey think an article of vertu constituted its possessor as eligible for his company? Would Henry French, with his fastidious taste and admiration for the comforts of life, consider it necessary to plant a girl on the stage because she appeared to have all she wanted?

It's a pretty notion to give to the battalions of young girls in our midst, who pine for the perils and pleasures of the footlights, that their personal beauty, their dramatic ability, their industry and energy will not promote their ambitions, but the managers will be won by a suite of apartments and rich attire.

The stage has never been benefited by the presence upon it of any silk-stockinged daughter of fortune. Can anyone call to mind a name on the roll of fame that was not cradled in poverty, and began to be heard in association with cheap boarding-houses, poor clothes and hard times?

Think of Charlotte Cushman falling on her knees in a shabby dress before a manager and experiencing a thrill of horror as she felt her only pair of shoes burst on the side! Parepa Rosa walked seven miles to sing for the manager who gave her her first engagement, because she hadn't the price of a cab. Mary Anderson went to a mean little room in a cheap boarding-house after her first night in New York, and sat down triumphant in a faded cotton frock and ate a cold pork-chop as a banquet. A manager found her waving the pork bone with a conquering air, and if she had wanted to sign a ten years' engagement he would have jumped at it.

No, indeed, little struggling, ambitious girl, by no such idiotic campaign, as the newspaper describes Edith Kingdon's to have been, was ever manager wooed and won. You need not strain a nerve to obtain an elegant apartment in which to give audience. You need not send a carriage for your manager; they all have good legs. Go look at John McCau's, contemplate John Duff's, study John Stetson's, and if Aronson's are a trifle delicate and Gilmore's a bit slim, they can get there all the same. Above all, don't break your heart to get tea-gowns and articles of vertu. The average manager will be thinking, as he looks at you, how you will appear in some other costume; and what possible use he can have for your bric-a-brac it's quite beyond me to say.

Edith Kingdon is an exceedingly attractive woman. She successfully played the line of business she engaged for, and she showed remarkable sense in making a desirable marriage. She had only to be seen to be engaged by a manager who wanted a beautiful girl to play nice little parts acceptably. So if she ever did do all the newspaper said she did, she wasted her powder; and if she's going to do

as the same article avers she is, she is going to be less wise than I think she is. Her love for the stage, so this historian goes on to report, is so great that she is going to have amateur theatricals and play this Winter. She'd better play with her baby. There's no possible good can come of a happily married young woman going into the worry, excitement and nervous exertion always inseparable from play-acting, be it as an amateur or as a professional. There are a thousand dangers attending the operation, and if I were Mr. George Gould I should say to my handsome Edith: "You have the bank account of a princess; you have all desirable avenues of happiness open to you; you have a family, a lovely home, a loving husband and a baby. Leave well enough alone. Once embarked on life's voyage in a magnificent, safe steamer, for Heaven's sake don't take to the sea in such an open boat as a private theatre will be."

Your Gusher is a very happy individual at present. You know, when I wrote about dogs some months ago, the tramp Scotch terrier, "Smoot," and the man-chewing bull-dog, "Scott," were sitting on their tails telling "Punch" and "Fanny" and "Jim" and "Judy" that from out of the West there would shortly arrive a nice little pup mastiff, and the announcement was received by the canine congress with cheers. He came the other day, and consternation reigned. "Smoot" took himself off after the introduction, and lived in the woods for a week. The hair on "Scott's" back arose and a collision seemed inevitable. But "Beech," the new-comer, raised one hand and looked sideways. "Scott" hefted himself and retired.

My new dog is a thoroughbred English mastiff from off the stock farm of that famous raiser of Jersey cows and pure-blood dogs, George Jackson, of Indianapolis. "Beech" was boxed at the tender age of five months, and arrived the other morning as sick of railway travel as a dog could be. He marched into my rooms, adopted me on sight, as all dogs do, and laid down with a suddenness that shook the house—laid and slept hours and hours, woke and ate voraciously, and slept again. "Lovely, quiet, dignified creature," said I. "No barn for him. He shall stop right here with me, and we will pursue our peaceful, tranquil life together."

Along about four o'clock in the morning there was an upheaval in the middle of the room. "Beech" had got over his tire; he was cavorting round like a calf. The carpet was pulled up at one end and had been shaken thoroughly. He had eaten a pair of boots, a brass-bound photograph album, and the leg off a rocking-chair. The mild, sedate partner I had taken into the firm with so much satisfaction was a dun-colored cyclone with a pump-handle tail. Crash went an ornamental table with some fancy glass things on it; something struck the gas bracket—it was my last and best hat. "Beech" spat out the mouthful of jet beads and took three fancy handles off a chiffonier in quick succession. I grabbed him and he tackled me with delight. Now was a splendid opportunity to shake something up. We had a lovely round, and I triumphed so far that I got him on the piazza. In the early dawn he beheld the boxes of climbing vines that please the horticultural soul of your Gusher. At one fell swoop they all came down. There was a rip and tug, and a hammock came off its hooks; and then the iconoclastic beggar went for an unoffending old stuffed chair. While he shook up the cushion I got him on a rope, and the concert began. He swore at me one steady hour, till the hostler and two waiters carried him—he would not walk—to the stable.

Thus ended my making a parlor pet of my darling mastiff. He got loose in the barn next night and chewed up a pair of leather curtains belonging to a phaeton. He was tied to a little tree in the morning, and quietly chewed it down in less than half an hour. He walked with the tree behind him through a magnificent bed of flowers. Then the cook said the leg of a meat-block in the kitchen would make a safe anchor till his kennel, which was being painted, was ready for him. To the meat-block he went on a couple of yards of chain. He had got acquainted with the edible quality of rope and chewed himself free. In the kitchen he distinguished himself in ten minutes. While the cook took up some potatoes to serve with a broiled chicken, "Beech" ate the chicken. While the vegetable dresser peeled some onions, he took her by the back of her dress and lifted her out of her petticoats. While the dish-washer rushed for an empty barrel to preserve decency, "Beech" overturned a darkey waiter and broke a tray of dishes. The hotel kitchen was not the place for my little playmate. They took him to the cellar and tied his chain in the handle of a two-bushel basket of clams. He walked off and scattered clams as far as the bar-room door. Then he was corralled; the kennel was ready, and he was hitched up in it. He was pleased. He came out the door and looked it over; he went inside and laid down. Everyone shook hands and "took the same," and I congratulated myself that all he pined for was a blue-painted kennel with a red roof.

Peace brooded over the house till lunch, when "Beech" walked into the dining-room with three pieces of blue plank on the other end of his chain. The dog-house was in splinters. He had been an hour and a half

chewing it up from cellar to garret. The fatigued stable-boy is sitting opposite him as I write, with a black-snake whip to intimidate him. (No one would dare strike him.) As soon as this page is written I will relieve the watch and go out with my little darling to give him exercise.

If you hear of a pup mastiff with feet the size of soup-plates and a tail like a pump-handle, walking round Fordham Heights with a badly broken up woman on the end of a chain, you will know you will have the latest news of "Beech" and the

GIDDY GUSHER.

The Coming of Aladdin.

The Arabian Nights; or, Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp, will begin its New York engagement at the Standard Theatre on Monday evening, Sept. 12," said Wemyss Henderson, the representative of the Imperial Burlesque company, the other day. "The piece, as you know, has had phenomenal success in Chicago, where, at the Chicago Opera House, it is now in its thirteenth week. The run is the longest ever scored in that city. Some of the oldest citizens, who deal in reminiscences, assert that, about twenty years ago, The Ticket-of-Leave Man, with Frank Aiken, John Blaisdell, Emma Marble and other favorites of that time in the cast, ran nearly twenty weeks. The assertion, however, needs verification. Not only has the Arabian Nights had the longest run in Chicago, but for the twelve weeks which ended with last Saturday's matinee it has enjoyed the largest receipts ever taken in twelve consecutive weeks during any season at any Chicago house. The weather in July in that city was even hotter than in New York. On several occasions at 9:30 p. m. the mercury registered 96 degrees. But this, even with such opposition at the other theatres as the Madison Square Theatre company, Dixey and Daly's company, did not affect the attendance to any appreciable extent.

"The cast is a strong one. Loie Fuller, now playing the part of Aladdin, scored an immense hit on the night of her first appearance. Celia Ellis, who has taken Clara Ellison's place, makes a charming Princess Salroubodora, and Lizzie Hughes, the new Tol-dol, makes a most acceptable substitute for Jennie Ellison. Frank Wyatt arrived in Chicago last Wednesday from London, in response to a cablegram asking him to accept the part of the Magician. Mr. Wyatt has the reputation of being one of the best burlesque actors in London. A few years ago he travelled through this country as a member of the Hanlon's company, playing in Le Voyage en Suisse. The stage is under the direction of William Gill. On Sunday morning next the entire company will leave Chicago on a special train and arrive here on Monday morning."

Gossip of the Town.

Fred. Lennox, singing comedian, is at liberty for the season.

Modjeska's company are called for rehearsal at Colorado Springs on Sept. 19.

On September 14 The Highest Bidder will have reached its 100th performance.

Frank Tannehill has had a successful opening of his season in The Exile's Daughter.

Elia Stockton is engaged for Henry C. Jarrett's production of Lost in the Snow at Baltimore on Sept. 5.

The Louis James-Marie Wainwright company meet for rehearsal at the Grand Opera House on Sept. 3.

La Grande Mogul will be produced by the Maurice Grau French Opera company at the Star Theatre on Sept. 26.

Fili Raymond has been engaged to play the Countess in Zitka, which opens at the Third Avenue Theatre next week.

Prudencia Cole is at liberty for this season. Next season, '88, she will star in a dramatization of Haggard's novel, "Jess."

James Owen O'Connor, who is lawyer as well as actor, has declined a retainer in the case of Beasley vs. Beasley, a variety performer accused of burglary.

Miss Mary Pirard and several other members of the Maurice Grau French Opera company are expected to arrive in this country on Sunday next. Miss Julie Bennati sails from Havre on Saturday.

The houses at the Grand Opera House, where Jim the Penman is being presented this week, are reported as phenomenal. All the seats were sold by 7:30 on Tuesday evening, and by Wednesday the entire week was sold.

Charles B. Bishop has been engaged for The Highest Bidder. He will play the part of Cheviot, now played by LeMoynes. The Archers, Mr. Buckscone and others of the present cast will go with Mr. Sothorn on his tour Oct. 31.

Harry Brown, who closed a very successful season with the Boston Opera company on last Saturday night, has been secured for the leading comedy roles with the Dunlap Opera company, which appears in The Black Hussar and Indiana, opening season in Chicago on Sept. 19.

Ida Van Cortlandt's repertoire for this season will comprise The Creole, Engaged, Lady Clancarty, Scrap of Paper, Guy Mannering, Lady of Lyons, The Honey-moon and a new play, written expressly for her, entitled A Wronged Woman. Miss Van Cortlandt will open season, under the management of Albert Tavernier, her husband, on Sept. 12.

Grace Henderson the wife of the Chicago manager, will make her debut in The Great Pink Pearl. Miss Henderson is a member of the regular company at the Lyceum, and was last year Modjeska's leading lady. In the same play Etta Hawkins, the heroine of The Main Line, will appear.

Scott and Mills, against whom action had been taken by Gustave Frohman, enjoining them from the use of the title Chip o' the Old Block, have telegraphed to Edwin A. Pratt, counsel for the latter, that they have forwarded by express the amount of cash necessary to secure the right to the title. So the action is dropped.

The following people have been engaged by A. M. Palmer for the Jim the Penman company No. 2, which opens its season at South Norwalk, Ct., on Oct. 10: George Edgar, Harry Eytling, Wright Huntington, Louis Baker, J. H. Archer, J. T. McKeever, John

Mathews, J. H. Browne, Percy Winter, Gus Hilsdorf, May Brooklyn, Adale Clark, Fanny Jackson and Mrs. Percy Winter.

The opening of Dockstader's has been set for Wednesday, Sept. 7. In addition to new first part music in the shape of ballads and instrumental music, there will be the local burlesque, The Fall of New Babylon, with Dockstader as King Hewitt I. A satire will be given of the Pneumatic Railway. Mr. Dockstader will sing three new songs and show some wonderful clothes, and Messrs. Carl Rankin, Barry Maxwell, James Quinn, Edwin French and a singularly contrasted song-and-dance "team," Messrs. Perry and McGrew, will assist Mr. Dockstader in furnishing hilarity, while E. N. Slocum will attend to the stage management.

A Few Openings.

[SPECIAL TO THE MIRROR.]

MYSTIC, Ct., August 30.—Atkinson Peck's Bad Boy company played to standing-room only last night at Mystic Opera House.

LYNN, Mass., August 30.—S. K. O. greeted Co. B, Bennett and M. Milton's opera companies at the opening of the ninth annual season, in Music Hall, last evening.

COLUMBUS, O., August 30.—Chip o' the Old Block, at the Grand, is a "go." Scott, Mills and Miss Fish are great workers. Gus Williams at Metropolitan opened well.

JOHNETT, Ill., August 30.—Agnes Herndon opened Opera House to standing-room only. One of the best companies ever seen in Joilet.

WHEELING, W. Va., August 30.—Wills, Henshaw and Ten Brock, in Old Croesus, opened to a tremendous audience at the Grand Opera House to-night, and made a great hit.

ST. LOUIS, August 30.—Milton Nobles has scored an unequalled success in his new drama, From Sire to Son. It is far superior to any of the author's former works. Strong individual successes have been made by Mr. and Mrs. Nobles, Lizzie Jeremy, Miss Davenport and Messrs. Hunter, Clifton and Howard. Business large.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., August 30.—Wills, Henshaw and Ten Brock, in Two Old Croesus, opened to-night to a packed house. Play and company scored a great hit.

WEAVER and JORDAN, Managers Opera House.

BURLINGTON, Ia., August 30.—Brilliant inauguration of season to-night at the Grand under the management of John C. Milton. A Tin Soldier was the attraction. New chorus; incandescent lights; house packed.

DOCKSTADER'S.

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2.

MAGNIFICENT MINSTRELSY.

Great Local Burlesque.

THE FALL OF NEW BABYLON.

DOCKSTADER as KING HEWITT I.

THE PNEUMATIC R. R. TO EUROPE.

FORTY PEOPLE.

Delicious Music and Songs.

Season opens Wednesday, Sept. 7.

CASINO.

Broadway and 39th Street

Mr. Rudolph Aronson

Evenings at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.

50 Cents. ADMISSION 50 Cents.

Reserved seats, 50c, and \$1 extra. Boxes, \$6, \$10, \$12.

The greatest Comic Opera success ever produced in America.

EKMINIE.

Chorus of 40. Orchestra of 24.

Mr. Jesse Williams, Musical Director.

Seats secured two weeks in advance.

WINDSOR THEATRE.

Bowery near Canal Street.

Frank B. Murtha

One week only.

Bartley Campbell's Highly Dramatic Play,

THE WHITE SLAVE.

Every evening at 8. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

Under the management of J. M. HILL.

MR. BURLEIGH

in

ONE AGAINST MANY.

SUCCESS.

IN THE ORCHESTRA.

IN THE BALCONY.

IN THE GALLERY.

IN THE BOX OFFICE.

Every Evening at 8:30. Saturday matinee at 2.

14TH STREET THEATRE.

Corner 6th Avenue.

Mr. J. W. ROSENQUEST.

Sole Manager.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

ANOTHER GREAT SUCCESS.

The new local comedy drama,

'THE STILL ALARM.'

Monday, Sept. 12, for four weeks,

HOYT'S HOLE IN THE GROUND.

H. R. JACOBS' THIRD AVENUE THEATRE.

Continually crowded.

Prices, 10c. to \$1.

Seating capacity over 2,000.

Matinee Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

This Week.

EDMUND COLLIER.

Next week—H. C. Miner's ZITKA Company.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. T. H. French.

Reserved seats, orchestra circle and balcony, 50c.

Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

JIM THE PENMAN.

Next week—ROBERT DOWNING as SPARTICUS.

LYCEUM THEATRE, 4th Avenue and 23d Street

DANIEL FROHMAN, Manager

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

With E. H. Sothorn, Lemoyne, Miss Archer, etc.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE.

Mr. A. M. Palmer

Sole Manager

Evenings at 8:30. Saturday Matinee at 2.

Cooled by Iced Air.

MR. RICHARD MANSFIELD,

in his new sketch,

MONSIEUR.

WALLACK'S THEATRE, Broadway and 39th St.

Mr. Lester Wallack, Sole Proprietor and Manager.

McCAULL OPERA COMIQUE COMPANY.

John A. McCau

Proprietor and Manager

Presenting

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION IN ENGLAND

of the latest Viennese success,

BELLMAN.

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Admission 50c. Matinee Saturday at 2.

tended the performance and gave evidence of their enjoyment in frequent and hearty bursts of applause. The second floor was a characteristically musical power, and stamper her as an actress of uncommon merit. The program of R. D. McLean was a vigorous and well-rounded performance, and it called forth a large share of the applause. McIntyre sang "The Minstrel's Song," met with a hearty reception from a large audience, and gave an excellent burst of cello entertainment. The formal opening of the house under the new management occurred at 7:30, which occasion Hoyt's "The Soldier" was on guard. Good house.

KANSAS.

TOPEKA.
Crawford's Opera House: August 25 and week. Kuno Goodrich, supported by a well-balanced and competent lot of people, in a round of more or less musical and popular plays, opening with Lester Wallace's favorite Rosedale, followed by "The Straw Man," "Fun in a Boarding-School," and "East Lynne." The weather suddenly turned very cool the day before the opening and remained so during the whole engagement. In consequence every theatre-goer in town felt it his duty to see the co., and jammed houses resulted. The prices were ten cents to fifty, and the performances were worth the money. Miss Goodrich claims to be the author of "The Boy," and that she is no relation to the Girl, as produced by Lizzie May Uimer and Nellie Free. I believe, however, that she does not claim any hand in writing Rosedale, East Lynne or the others, and as she seems to be making money I have no doubt that she has purchased permission to produce any proprietary plays she may have in her repertoire. Mr. Crawford, being comestable, will not doubt see that henceforth nothing of the kind will be put on, and anything to bring his name into unpleasant prominence as some have done in the past, as detailed in recent editorial in The Mirror.

Fort Scott.
Howe's London Show came August 23 to good business. Best ten-cent-show seen here in some time. Heywood's Minstrel 12-14, Charles E. Verner 19, McIntyre and Heath 24, Skipped, etc., 28, Agnes Herndon 30.

KENTUCKY.

OWENSBORO.
Opera House (Conroy and Smith, managers): Nashville Students open here so, followed by Cora Van Tassel 24 and Little's World 30. Rumor has it that a fine opera-house will be built very soon, and the probabilities are that before the season is far advanced Owensboro will have a first-class theatre.

MAINE.

PORTLAND.
At the Greenwood Gardens, week of August 22, opened with three days of the Iolanthe, which Wilkinson put on in fine shape, far better than the remaining performances were well patronized. Marie Ball, in the title role, renewed her undeniable success of last season and sang the part very sweetly. She was a very good Phyllis, and the chorus of fairies was very smooth and effective. Wilkinson was a very fine Lord Chancellor, and his rendition of "Said I to Myself" was very cleverly done. Mr. Kendall swayed through the part of Strephon, and like everything he has done this season, was amateurish and awkward in the extreme. The chorus of peers was strong, and the costume fine throughout. This week the co. of the Pinafore for three days, and on the 24th, the Iolanthe. Manager Norman's ability to give the patrons of the Pinafore a good show was most effectively illustrated this last week of his engagement, and his place has been well patronized. George Leale renewed his success of last week, and Miss Nelson's troupe of dogs and birds proved a great attraction. The policy adopted by the management at the opening of the season has proved a grand success, and at no time in the history of the Pinafore has there been such attractions and courteous consideration shown as during this season.

Marie Ball left 26 to join the Bunch of Keys co. Wolf Marks has returned to his brother and his friend Hughes, of New York, the week of August 27. The season at the Gardens closes 30.

Portland Theatre opened August 30 with a Night of Minnie Malle, has been singing in the Iolanthe chorus.

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Arthur Wilkinson has a scheme for making a few dollars the coming season. It is to be hoped he will be successful.

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I am informed that the A. O. U. W. building, now being erected on the South Side, will have a hall on the second floor with a characteristically musical power, and stamper her as an actress of uncommon merit. The program of R. D. McLean was a vigorous and well-rounded performance, and it called forth a large share of the applause. McIntyre sang "The Minstrel's Song," met with a hearty reception from a large audience, and gave an excellent burst of cello entertainment. The formal opening of the house under the new management occurred at 7:30, which occasion Hoyt's "The Soldier" was on guard. Good house.

NEW BEDFORD.

Opera House (John S. Moulton, manager): The season was opened most auspiciously August 24 by T. P. W. Minstrel, standing room being at a premium. The Minstrel had not a single line of puffing in the local press and depended wholly upon lithographs and posters and a displayed advertisement in the papers. The weather is delightfully cool, and the Opera House is comfortable as one could wish.

It is thought that the consolidation of the two horse-railway co's. will affect business some, as some of the lines have been abandoned. The Harmonia Minstrel of this city met with great success at Cottage City and Nantucket. At the latter place David Morrissey, the head and life of the organization, was presented with a gold-headed cane by the co. of Mr. Morrissey says this is the fifth time that this same cane has been presented; but perhaps he has made a mistake in the number. Morrissey, the song-writer and soloist, a member of the co., has been called to Europe by his publisher. Today's event has been a grand success.

LOWELL.

Music Hall (A. V. Partridge, proprietor): This place of amusement presented a very bright appearance August 27, when it was opened for the season. Peck's Bad Boy drew the usual packed house.

SALEM.
Mechanics' Hall (Andrews, Moulton and Johnson, managers): The T. P. W. Minstrel opened our season August 23. Packed house. Barry and Fay.

GLUCKSTER.
The season of 1892 bids fair to be a most enjoyable one for the people of this city. During the past summer the City Hall has been completely overhauled on the inside, and extensive alterations have been made in its stage and scenery. As a result of the generous appropriation by the City Council the old framework of the stage has been thrown aside and the stage widened and raised with entire new material, extending to the ceiling and the whole width of the hall.

Three managers are in the field this season, at the head of whom is the old and faithful J. O. Bradstreet, who has conducted a variety of seasons in this city. The Theatrical Club opened the season August 23 with Joseph Proctor and Osmond Tearle in two comedies. A long list of notables were advertised but failed to appear. The audience was large and the performance was fine. Manager Saville opened his season 26 with the T. P. W. Minstrel to a packed house. Manager Bradstreet opened his season 27 with Floy Crowell for a week at popular prices. John Murray, C. E. Dudley and Frank O. Green, of the T. P. W. Minstrel, are to be a new attraction.

Manager Schofield and his wife (Agnes Booth) Maud Harrison and young J. O. Bradstreet, with other friends of the Jim the Penman co., made a flying trip last Friday (26) from the Macdonalds to the famous Chubbuck Pond Hotel, and enjoyed their last "broiled chicken" of the season.

MILFORD.
The season opens at Music Hall with Roland Reed in Cheek. Every indication points toward a prosperous season, as getting good. Among the attractions booked are August Van Dusen, Night Off, the Dells, Michael Strogoff, Chaffran, Don Thompson, the Spy of Newbern, under the auspices of Fletcher Post, Grand Army, for three nights.

James C. Campbell, a brother of the late George Howard, of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame, died at his home at Meriden 27 of lung trouble. Deceased was well known as a critic and reader.

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respect. Its location is central. Its interior will be beautiful and modern in style, and its interior and fittings the finest money can buy. C. E. Blanchett will be in charge.

The following are the bookings for White's Opera House for the coming season: Fanny Davenport, Dixie, Margaret Mather, Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Langtry, Nat Goodwin, Modjeska, Dwan, Thompson, Clara Morris, T. W. Keene, Janis, James O'Neill, Maggie Mitchell, George S. Knight, Elie Kessler, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Mrs. James Brown Potter, Boston Symphony Orchestra, Minnie Maddern, Boston Philharmonic Club, Arthur Keegan's co., Lillian O'Brien, Evangelina Cori, Harbor Lights, Hayden, Dickson and Roberts' co., Musical Macbeth, Allan Dora, Travers House, Voyage on Swiss, led by the Keene, Zoon, Devil's Auction, Richard Mansfield, Henrietta Vadera, Parlor Match, T. P. W. Minstrel, McKish, Johnson and Slavia's Minstrel, Dochastler's Minstrel, Kite, Hart and Ryan's Minstrel, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence, Kessler's Minstrel, Boleyn Kessler's Spectacular, Gus Williams, Corried's Gypsy Baron co., Washburn Tea Party, Barry and Fay, MacCollin Opera co., J. B. Polk, Robert Downing, We, U. & Co., Fausta, Murray and Murphy, Mrs. Dunlap's Opera co., Redmond and Barry, Two Roads, Bunch of Keys, Roland Reed, Florida Around the World in Eighty Days, Lights of John, F. Ward, Home Kuno, Tony Pastor.

Among the bookings for the following are some of the most prominent booked for the New Whittier: Joseph H. Yeamans, Shadows of a Great City, Silver King, Jennie Yeamans, Taken from Life, Maggs' Landing, Edmund Kline, Frank Frayne, Olden's Spectacular, Beaton Lights, Hearts of Oak, Moore and Rice, Gary and Stephens, Emily Soldene, Ben Maginley, Coriart, Pat Rooney, Manilla and Clio.

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The Usher.



Mend him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—Love's Labor's Lost.

The news brought yesterday by cable of the breach between Mrs. Potter and Manager Miner, was a genuine surprise. The latter's representative, J. Charles Davis, was disposed to doubt its authenticity. He said that his principal had no idea of abandoning the project when he left this side. Mrs. Potter's friends said that her motive in getting out of the contract by sending an agreement to Mr. Miner which he could not, as a sensible business man, put his signature, was the result of the growing conviction that the requisite "tone" would be lacking in a tour under the auspices of Mr. Miner and his lieutenant, Key.

Be that as it may, anybody and everybody who knew or might be supposed to know anything about the rupture and Mrs. Potter's future plans was being buttonholed by hordes of reporters throughout the day and evening. Some hazarded the guess that Mrs. Potter in breaking with Mr. Miner was impelled by a desire to retreat from a professional debut in this country on account of the objections of her husband's family. But this theory was destroyed by the following cablegram received by Mr. Overton early yesterday morning:

LONDON, Aug. 29, 1887.
To Charles Overton, Madison Square Theatre:
Miner contract off. Am free. CORA POTTER.
Mr. Overton, who had had some business talk with the lady in London, construed this message as an invitation for him to make an offer. During the morning he consulted with one of our leading managers (whose name I withhold by request) in respect to a partnership, and the result was the cabling of a despatch which read as follows:

NEW YORK, August 31.
To Mrs. J. B. Potter, London:
—I am willing, but your terms must be low. Cable terms. CHARLES OVERTON.

The answer to this was evidently unsatisfactory, for the manager referred to said late in the day that the negotiations had not yet come to a head. I am given to understand that he and Mr. Overton are willing to pay Mrs. Potter a stipulated salary of not more than \$250 a week, and give her a one-half share in the profits. Probably the matter will be concluded to-day.

Sweet Annie Robe, as she is called by some, has come back from the yellow sands of the Massachusetts sea-coast without, as yet, having made an engagement for the season. Of offers she has had several, but none that met her wishes. It is possible that she may play the leading part in Deacon Brodie, which Mr. Henley has arranged to go on the road. Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, is coming over, partly to rehearse it and chiefly to make a tour of observation. If Miss Robe is gobbled up by a combination it will be a source of genuine regret to our play-goers who have learned to like her and look forward to her appearance.

Helen Dauvray's devotion to base-ball is really refreshing to contemplate. Not even Hopper or Wilson can discount this bright little actress in enthusiasm for the national game. She is always on hand at the grounds and the players have no more critical spectator. The other evening I met Miss Dauvray at the Murray Hill. There was a rich color in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eye.

"Saratoga is healthful, after all," I remarked.
"Oh, I returned from the Springs some time ago," said she. "My cheeks weren't paler by the sun. That's what's left of the excitement of to-day's game."

An anonymous and ungallant writer in the *Mail and Express* publishes an alleged statement of the ages of our leading actresses, whereby he would make us believe that the majority of our stars range from forty to sixty. It's a pity that he didn't print his name, so that one of the aggrieved ladies might scratch out his eyes. Paragraphs and articles on this subject are perennial. They come round as regularly as the seasons. They belong to the stock of grey-bearded subjects in which the sayings of pert children, anecdotes of Lincoln, the *Sun's* snake stories, the *Century's* war papers, the Arizona aerolites, the safety of theatres and the ticket speculation evil are conspicuous. The *Mail and Express* man is not only wrong in many of his figures—as I can of actual knowledge testify—but he is decidedly out of order. What business is it of the press or the public what an actress' age, or for the matter of that, any woman's age, may be? Everybody knows, who has thought the

matter over, that in the general mind every year of a public career is multiplied by two. The spectator doesn't adopt this species of mathematical calculation except in connection with the favorites of the footlights.

"Bless my soul!" says Todd to Dodd between the acts, "that woman who's doing the heroine business must be an antiquity. Why, I saw her at the Olympic—let me see—fifteen years ago."

So he did. But Todd neglects to tell Dodd that that woman was a mere slip of a girl, and that he had then already begun to wear abdominal corsets and brush around a long lock of dyed hair in an artistic semi-circle from the rear of his cranium in order to cover up the bald place on top. But although he is extremely loquacious on some points, there are a few things Todd knows that he doesn't tell, and this is one of 'em.

The oft-quoted epigram, "A woman's as old as she looks; a man's as old as he feels," is truer than most scintillant sayings, and I am staunch among those who hold that the date of an artist's mundane debut has nothing whatever to do with her acting. Of how many a woman on the stage can it be said—

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety.

So long as she possesses the qualifications of talent and appearance to act and look the parts she essays, an actress' age should be allowed to remain a sacred secret between herself and the Bureau of Vital Statistics. The newspaper writer who delves into these matters and serves up a table of real or fanciful figures for the delectation of the idly curious is little better than the fellow at the watering-place who peeps through a crack in a woman's bath-house or the cosmetique-maker who exposes the confidences of his customers.

They were discussing Mrs. James Brown Potter on the Square.

"If she goes, anything will go," sagely remarked the man in seersucker, vainly endeavoring to repress a shiver as the wind with a touch of September in it dallied frigidly with his untrimmed back-hair.

"I guess she's mistaken her line of biz," replied the other fellow, giving the bosom of his pink-barred shirt a surreptitious downward tug by the tab, "she's really a comedienne."

"Yes, I suppose so; she's something funny, anyway."

The substitute that Mrs. Langtry secured to play Captain Bradford in *A Wife's Peril* at the Branch recently, in place of the recreant Charles Coghlan, was a very polite and agreeable young American actor, whose manner was scarcely suited to the rather rough character of the English guardsman.

At the first rehearsal, observing his refinement and deprecatory mode of address, she became annoyed and exclaimed to him in a moment of displeasure:

"Don't—don't be so civil. Be English!"

The late business manager of Louise Pomeroy, John W. Palmon, is aggrieved by that lady's conduct. He says that she was booked by him for a starring tour this season at most of the popular-price theatres throughout the country. Miss Pomeroy notwithstanding accepted an engagement to play in Allan Dare, beginning next week, before the dates made for her could be cancelled, or the people engaged for her company notified of her intentions.

The engagement of Charles Coghlan by Manager Palmer will strengthen the one weak spot in the admirable Madison Square company. Mr. Palmer intends to conduct an active season, changing the bill monthly. But I do not imagine this resolve will be adhered to if a big success is struck. It savors of suicide for a manager to take off a piece that everybody wants to see, and I am certain Mr. Palmer will not fall a victim to that grim tempter.

Mr. Goodwin's Reception.

George W. Floyd, manager of Nat Goodwin, paid a short visit to the city last week, leaving on Saturday for Boston. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter he said:

"Mr. Goodwin sailed on the *Pavonia* of the Cunard Line on Tuesday last, August 23, and will arrive in Boston most probably on next Friday, Sept. 2. Preparations are now being made for his reception. He will be serenaded by the Boston Lodge of Elks, members of the Monopoly Club and a number of prominent Masons, quite a party also going over from this city. Rehearsals begin at the Park Theatre before Mr. Goodwin's arrival, and we open the season at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, on Sept. 19. The company will be, I think, the strongest comedy organization on the road. It includes J. B. Mason, Charles Coote, Thomas Glenn, Ed. F. Goodwin, Frank Morse, Maud Haslam, Lelia Farrell, Marion Earle, Estelle Mortimer, Vivie Vivian and Little Dot. I will manage as usual, while George J. Appleton will be business manager."

"Mr. Goodwin's repertoire will comprise *Lend Me Five Shillings* and *Turned Up*. The latter is undoubtedly one of the best things he has ever done, and his acting in *Lend Me Five Shillings* will give people an opportunity to see what he can do in legitimate comedy. Mr. Goodwin has never seen anyone play this comedy; I have been unable to secure a marked book of it, and so we can be certain of his creating the part and acting it, probably, different from anyone else."

"The entire season of thirty-six weeks has been booked in all the principal cities, only

three weeks being devoted to one-night stands. We shall spend nine weeks in New York City, appearing at all of the different theatres, and we are now fighting with Charles Frohman for a seven weeks' tour of the Pacific Coast."

The Union Square Strike.

Manager J. M. Hill was seen by a MIRROR reporter yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon. He said in referring to the strike at the Union Square: "The origin of the trouble was owing to refusal on my part to discharge a faithful man-of-all-work who has been in my employ for the past three years. This man was not engaged in any of the work controlled by labor organizations, and he had, with my sanction, refused to join one of them when requested to do so. On Thursday last delegates from the Theatrical Mechanics' Progressive Union waited on me and informed me that the man must be discharged, as he was a non-union man. I refused to comply with their request. The union thereupon ordered all the union men, about twenty in all, out of the building. These comprised marblers, carpenters, painters, tile layers, paper-hangers, etc."

When the delegates informed Mr. Hill that he should not open the Union Square Theatre on Monday night, he says he told them that there was no power on earth that could prevent him from doing that. The matter was no sooner noised about than he had offers of assistance from several metropolitan managers, who offered, if necessary, to come in and shift scenes themselves. He had very little difficulty, however, in procuring substitutes. On Monday Mr. Cornu, Mr. Hill's musical leader, was notified by the Musical Protective Union that in consequence of the strike, the musicians, who were all union men, must go out in a body. Mr. Cornu refused to obey the mandate, and his men were loyal to him to a man. They argued that they could not see what profit they gained by running the chance of losing a whole season's engagement. Mr. Hill said that he appreciated their loyalty, and even, if they had struck he had an equally good orchestra of non-union men ready to step in and take their places. He said he was not fighting the unions in any sense; he thought the laborer was worthy of his hire, but he did not propose to be dictated to as to whom he should or should not employ, and after employing a man no one could order his discharge while he was running the business end.

Charles Norman, the President of the Theatrical Mechanics' Progressive Union, was interviewed on the same afternoon by a MIRROR representative. Mr. Norman, who holds the position of stage carpenter at the People's Theatre, said that his society had been formed on April 25, 1886. This was their first strike. They were a branch of the Central Labor Union. The only two theatres with which they had any issue were the Union Square and Niblo's, where non-union men were employed. They proposed to fight it out with Niblo's at the earliest opportunity. He said that an arbitration committee had waited on Mr. Hill that very day (Wednesday); that eight of the men discharged have been taken back, and everything was settled to the satisfaction of the Society.

Manager Hill acknowledged that a committee had seen his stage carpenter, Henry Raymond, but failed to see where the arbitration came in. He then called Mr. Raymond into the auditorium to give an account of the negotiations. Mr. Raymond said that the delegates, Charles Norman and Thomas Dodd, called him out and wished to know if Manager Hill would agree not to employ non-union men in the future. He told them that Mr. Hill was neither a union nor a non-union man, but would never allow any interference from any union as to whom he should employ. The delegates then said that they were fairly beaten, and would call the strike off.

"That was all there was to the affair," said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Hill denied the story, circulated in one of the dailies, that he had ever taken his hat off to one of the delegates. He said that everything has its humorous features. The most ludicrous element of the strike was the fact that the paper used on the walls of the auditorium is of a peculiar embossed heavy silver pattern and requires an expert paper-hanger. When the union man engaged on the job went out he was compelled to telegraph sixty miles for a substitute. The expert arrived Saturday evening and was smuggled in at the stage door. Pretty soon he became thirsty and wished to go out for a drink. Mr. Raymond and the gasman, Mr. Sweeney, told him that he risked his life if he were to go out in his over-heated condition. They generously volunteered to get his drink for him. The same service was proffered when he became hungry. Finally, after working till five o'clock Sunday morning, he wished to seek "Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." He was informed that all the hotels were closed. A couch was improvised in the auditorium, where he took a nap of three hours. He then arose and completed the job. "It was thus owing to our diplomacy," said Mr. Hill, "that the paper-hanger did not even have an inkling that a strike was going on, as every door was guarded. The cream of the joke lies in the fact that he was a union man, and would probably have sided with the strikers."

The Grass Widow's Capture.

Charles T. Parsloe has succumbed to the fascinations of the Grass Widow, recently seen at Tony Pastor's Theatre. On Tuesday he came bustling into THE MIRROR office to say that he had actually bought a half interest in her from C. T. Vincent. Waiving the morality of the transaction, Mr. Parsloe went on to say:

"I have bought a half interest in everything Mr. Vincent has written, and in everything he may write in the next five years. I have great faith in this comedy. A Grass Widow—so great indeed, that I have become understudy for every part in it. No, I shall not appear on the stage, except under the Emergency Act. I shall be a real live manager in front of the house and see that nobody pays twice to come in. When will we open? Just as soon as we

can get ready—say about the middle of September. From the offers of time already in hand, we could open in a minute. I am pleased to be once more in harness."

"Every part in the Widow will be finely dressed, especially the ladies, who will have stunning costumes. The Widow was a great success at Pastor's. Do you ever reflect upon the successes at Pastor's? There have been more of them than you would think for at a mere mental glance. Owen Westford, who made such a hit as Erasmus Spook, the lunatic, is re-engaged. Julius Kahn, Susie Russell and Mr. Vincent will also resume their original roles."

Mr. Overton Opens a Budget.

Charles Overton, ruddy with sea breezes, but reporting a stormy voyage, arrived from abroad by the *Arizona* on Monday. He was seen by a MIRROR man on Wednesday, and the latter took notes, pencil and mental, during a twenty-minute chat.

"I am accompanied by a few professional people who are cast for *The Great Pink Pearl*," said he. "As you know, there are giants in this play. The three companions of my voyage are all over six feet in stature. Mene, Naucare has appeared as the Countess in the Pearl for over 1,000 nights in London and the provinces. Charles Bowland has the same record in another character. The last of the trio is Squire Cotton, a rising young comedian, and son of a late Lord Mayor of London. These are the tall Russians of the play. Cecil Raleigh, the author, will arrive by the *City of Rome* next week. The Pearl will be produced at the Lyceum about Sept. 19, and I think it is destined to run out the season. I am so sanguine that I think it will be a greater 'go' even than in England; for American audiences are quicker to catch points than the English, and they do not need to be told when to laugh and when to look serious."

"Shadows of a Great City, you hardly need to be informed, is a solid success at the Princess." By the way, Grace Hawthorne and her plucky manager, W. W. Kelly, are steadily gaining in popularity in London. They have adopted a wise policy in making the Princess a home of melodrama. They have abandoned the project of producing Sardou's *Theodora*—and wisely again.

"Charley Mendum has bought *The Doctress* from Hawtry and Burnand, the adapters. He has also signed a contract to manage Charles Arnold in *Hans the Boatman* for a tour of America. Arnold is the most popular American comedian on the other side. Don't forget that he is an American. I think he is destined to succeed J. K. Emmet. He is a fine singer, and, when occasion demands, can throw a deal of pathos into his playing. Besides, he is a tall, handsome, graceful young fellow. He will probably open at the Boston Museum under R. M. Field's management. And this reminds me that I bought Boston rights to *Sophia and the Red Lamp* for Mr. Field."

"Of course you've heard a good deal about the success of *Held by the Enemy* on the other side. Well, there's nothing exaggerated. It has passed its 150th night in London, and two companies are playing the provinces to enormous business. The name of Gillette will conjure in England for some time to come. Managers will be eager to secure anything coming from his pen. These are great days for Americans in England. During the Jubilee every crowned head in Europe saw our friend the Enemy. One night the Prince of Wales sent for Charles Warner and myself, and questioned us about the author. He complimented Mr. Gillette by saying the *Enemy* was one of the strongest dramas he had ever seen, and that he would come again. He did. The Princess of Wales also came. Then the Prince sent his sons to see it. How business in the high-priced sittings did shoot up after the Royal visits!"

"I've brought over Sir Charles Young's latest play, not yet named; also *Dawn*, from Haggard's novel; *Sea Fruit*, *The World Against Her*, *Life and Death*, and, of course, the inevitable adaptation of *As in a Looking-Glass*. To be in the swim with the others, I may just as well say that mine is the best version."

"Charles Warner is eager to come over. I think his style would just suit the play-goers here. Warner is my partner in the *Enemy*, and he is a splendid fellow. We haven't had a growl since our business connection."

"It is my intention to work both sides of the Atlantic—picking up successes here and successes over there. I shall remain at home here until I unearth another such success as *Held by the Enemy*. I think *The Bells of Haslemere* will be a great success here. Among English melodramas, I rank it next to *The Silver King*. I can imagine the great hit Joe Haworth would make in the leading role."

Professional Doings.

—She has closed its long run at the Tivoli, San Francisco.

—Mrs. Gustavus Levick has presented her husband with a boy.

—Jennie Grubb will join the Allan Dare company in Philadelphia.

—Fields and Hanson, the variety team, are about to leave for Australia.

—Charles Callender is engaged as business manager for Hicks' Minstrels.

—W. H. Rapley, manager of the National Theatre, Washington, is in town.

—The Devil's Auction continues to draw tremendously in the far Northwest.

—Edith Blande is about to star in *The Red Lamp* through the English provinces.

—Minnie Maddern opened at the Grand Opera House, Detroit, on last Monday night to 3,000 people.

—W. D. Reed has been engaged as advance agent of the Knight of Labor company headed by M. H. Heston Manice.

—Mrs. D. A. Bowers opens her season at the new People's Theatre, Williamsburg, on Saturday evening in *The Crinola*.

—Frank Jones' St. Perkins company opened season at Portchester, N. Y., last Monday night to the full capacity of the house.

—Rome under Nero, the spectacle now being represented by the Order of Cincinnati at Cincinnati, will be continued until Sept. 10.

—Members of the Grand Opera House, Detroit, are requested to report at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Sept. 12, at 10:30 A. M.

—The Golden Giant company opened its season at Bradford, Pa., on Monday night to \$493, all of the company and the play making a great hit.

—H. P. Keen, stage manager for Dan Sullivan, celebrated his thirty-second birthday in Fargo, Dak., recently. He entertained the company at a supper, and was the recipient of several presents. Mr. and Mrs. Keen and their little daughter, Alberta, close with Mr. Sullivan this week, and will be at liberty.

—The Cincinnati managers are dissatisfied with the requirements of the law regulating the safety of theatres, and will by concerted action petition the Ohio State Legislature during coming session for some modification of the rather stringent measures.

—The name of Richard P. Collins, comedian, was intentionally omitted from the list of the Great Wrong company printed in a recent MIRROR.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Theodore are at liberty for the season. Mr. Theodore's line is legitimate best variety comedy; Mrs. Theodore's old women and eccentric comedy.

—Clement St. Martin, formerly comedian with Almas in French opera, will be a member of the Pauline Harvey Opera company, which opens in New York City on Sept. 18.

—The Only a Farmer's Daughter company opens at Havertown, N. Y., on Sept. 6, and thence goes into the one-night stands of Pennsylvania for two or three weeks.

—S. P. Norman has closed, or is about to close, a very successful summer season at Peak's Island, Md. His chum, Woolf Marks, has borne him company all through.

—William J. Blaisdell, Jr., has scored an emphatic hit as *Crackie* in *Shipped by the Light of the Moon*. His topical songs and grotesque dancing are a great "go."

—The Edith Sinclair company opened to a packed house in a Box of Cash at the Globe Theatre, Buffalo, last Saturday night. Play and company were enthusiastically received.

—Manager J. M. Barron, of Topeka, wants a comedy company, comic opera company or minstrel company for fair week, Sept. 19. Mr. Barron's present address is 23 East Fourteenth street.

—John T. Keegan, J. Marcus Doyle, Harry Leopold and George Bunnell are a quartet of variety and minstrel stars who have entered into a "combine" to tour the country with a troupe of their own.

—The New Opera House at Athens, Ga., will be ready for opening about Nov. 1. For particulars the Athens Building Company may be addressed. The house seats 800 and will cater to a population of 10,000.

—The Muses Till and Daniel Till, of the Till Family Rock Band Concert company, arrived in New York last week from Liverpool by the *Adriatic*. They have been spending their vacation in the English Lake District.

—For the fourth time within two years, Jullien Mountney has secured Fred. Ward for an engagement at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia. The receipts of the last engagement, a week in April, reached over \$13,000.

—Roland Reed, now on the New England circuit, has D. D. Lloyd's *Woman-Hater* in rehearsal. He will present this week, at Newport, R. I., a new and original production by Manager Terry, at Newcastle, England.

—The company to support John F. Ward will comprise B. W. Turner, J. F. Ryan, E. E. Delamater, Henry Simon, W. F. Wallis, Ida Ward, Elizabeth Foster and Kate Singleton. D. M. Wilson, manager; O. C. Merriweather, advance.

—Gus Piton telegraphs from San Francisco that W. J. Scanlan opened on Monday night at the Bush Street Theatre in Shreveport, La., to a magnificent house, and that he was given a most cordial reception. Manager Piton is now on his way East.

—Balabrega's Modern Miracle company opens season at Taunton, Mass., on Sept. 5. Besides Balabrega, it includes Emma Lyndon, C. W. Littlefield, solo whistler; Val Vio, juggler; Trebor, change artist; Batteny and New skaters, and John Morley, musical director.

—People are wanted for Co. B, of the Criterion Opera organizations. Managers Aborn and Walters will be in Jackson and Grand Rapids, Mich., for the next two weeks. Co. A is headed by Lucille Meredith and Milton Aborn as prima donna and contralto, respectively, and is doing a big business in the West.

—W. O. Wheeler writes that Dan'l Sullivan's name has been used without any warrant among a list of attractions—purporting to be official—booked at Harris' Museum, Louisville. He says that his name does not play at that house, and that no negotiations to such end were ever entered into or thought of.

—That old stand-by, the Louisville Hotel, Louisville, Ky., sends greeting to the theatrical profession in the fifty-third year of its establishment. "Across the world it is renowned and frequented by multitudes. The hotel is centrally located and liberally managed, and offers the advantage of a cut rate to the profession. J. E. Kelley, formerly of the Monogahela House, Pittsburgh, is the manager."

—Mattie Vickers opens season at Englewood, Ill., on Sept. 1. Her support comprises Dolly Thornton, Dora Harriet, George W. Pike, Thomas J. Grimes, Charles K. Rogers, G. F. Powell, Emma A. Hovis, J. F. Carroll, W. H. Burham, E. A. Padden and John J. Jones, Jr. Mr. Rents is the manager and Mr. Phelps the musical director.

—Hennett and Moulton's Opera Co. A will include Della Fox, Kittie Marcellus, Edith Barton, Esme Barton, Tom Ricketts, Frank D. Nelson, Harry Scott, Elgie, Herbert J. Matthews, Harry Ballard and Claude Amides; Emma K. Steiner, musical director. George A. Bakr is the sole proprietor and manager.

—The following company is engaged for Louise Art not a season, which opens at Bridgeton, N. J., next week: Davenport Rebus, J. W. Jones, Harry Scott, D. R. Whipple, Thomas W. Hanson, Horace James John Keelan, Jennie Sebus, Grace Nagle and Jessie and Ethel McKay. Isaac Streib is the manager. Miss Art has had such success as the *Grass Widow* and *Fun on the Bricklat* that she will make the skit a leading feature of her repertoire.

—Messrs. Berger and Price have booked a fine array of attractions for the Lee Avenue Academy of Music, Brooklyn, E. D. Among them are Dixey, Goodwin, Scanlan, Mantell, O'Neil, Haworth, Margaret Mather, Helen Dauvray, Annie Pixley, Maggie Mitchell, Cwa Tanner, Jim the Penman, Harbor Lights and Hoodman Blind. During the vacation six private boxes have been added, and the entire building refurbished and redecorated. The house opens next week with Strickland Blind.

—Owing to the illness of F. L. Perley, the Hoodman Blind co-partnership existing between him and Joseph T. McCadden has been dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. Perley's physicians have urged his retirement from work, and say it will be a year before his health is sufficiently recovered to warrant any participation in business matters. Mr. McCadden has assumed the management, and will conduct the Hoodman Blind business as originally intended. Rehearsals begin next Monday, and the season opens at the People's Theatre on the 19th inst.

—Madame and Augustus Neuville open their season in *The Boy Tramp* at Patterson, N. J., on Sept. 3. Time is filled to March. The company includes J. W. Macready, George A. Peters, O. F. La Croix, A. W. Dana, William Bonnell, Lillian Jerome, Mrs. Charles Howard and Louise Newton. Charles Howard is the manager and James Wingfield again goes ahead.

—Mme. Neuville writes that she is going to revive the original Strickland Blind, which she claims to have written and of which she also claims to hold the copyright.

—Nellie Boyd is starring in *Passion's Slave* and *Ua hane*, under arrangement with John H. Barry. Her support includes J. J. Wallace, O. H. Barr, W. J. Kohler, F. B. Hatch, T. J. Murray, James McKee, H. Armstrong, C. A. Prince, and Miss Roby Merry and Annie McKim. The company is at present touring California, but will take the Southern route for Texas next week. C. M. Welty, Miss Boyd's manager, writes THE MIRROR: "Please contradict the statement that T. H. Winnett owns exclusive rights in *Passion's Slave*. I hold a contract, signed by Mr. Winnett, giving me the right to play *Passion's Slave* for two years in thirty States and Territories, for which he has been paid in full; also for rights in *Unknown* for five years. Since the expiration of the paragraph in the contract regarding the right to Mr. Winnett's rights in *Passion's Slave*, I have received two letters from managers with whom Miss is booked, asking if the statement was correct."

—The following is the full company which will appear in W. O. Mestayer's three-act comedy, *Toboggan*, which opens a preliminary season at Easton, Pa., on next Monday night, and its regular season by the inauguration of the new Grand Opera House, Pittsburgh, on Sept. 19: W. O. Mestayer, Theresa Vaughn, Myron Calice, Bernard Dyllan, J. O. Lebrun, Joseph Ott, Luigi Dell Orio, John Rath, William Ball, Harry Gray, Marion Russell and Ada Henry. John P. Slocum will act as manager and Frank A. Slocum will go in advance. Rehearsals are going on at Redbank, N. J., where Miss Vaughn has an apartment residence. *Toboggan* is more of a legitimate comedy, it is stated, than anything Mr. Mestayer has appeared in of late years. A special car will carry the scenery, which will include working toboggans secured by patent. The first act is entitled *Moog Bank*; the second act, which shows a complete toboggan slide and the Ice Palace at Montreal, is entitled *Snow Bank*, and the third is *Fishing Bank*.

—The Grand Opera House, Chicago, which opened season last week with *A Tin Soldier*, is virtually a new theatre, as completely as it has been refitted and redecorated. The prevailing colors are gold and warm buff, which light up brilliantly. The proscenium boxes have been draped in a novel and original manner. Over the centre of the proscenium is an oil painting some twenty feet in length, from the brush of F. N. Atwood. The subject is, "Come Unto These Yellow Sands," as the poet from the Tempest—representing a moonlit sea, with dancing sprites fitting on the moonbeams. "The Day is Done," a sunset study, by the same artist, is a panel at the head of the grand staircase in the foyer. An elegant drop-curtain is from the brush of Walter Burdige. The artist has kept in view the prevailing tone of the house decorations, and the result is harmony. New Wilton carpets, in color and design reproducing Oriental rugs, have been laid throughout. Revolving glass doors are hung in the lobby. Edible lights illuminate the exterior and interior. The front of the house is painted a brilliant white, which makes it conspicuous among its smoke-begrimed neighbors.

[CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.]

The Actresses' Corner.



I saw about fifty actresses' trunks in a storehouse lately that the keeper told me had been there for years, and were probably filled with mildewed, moth-eaten finery, and I thought how grateful some members of the profession would be for a bit of suitable wardrobe to help 'em out in their early struggles.

What on earth these women are paying storage on traps they will never use, if they stick to the stage for a thousand years, is more than I can see. They are all in prosperous positions. Every season brings new pieces that demand new clothes. Why don't they have a grand charity fair, and divide up this finery that would gladden little girls who haven't the price of a new ribbon? Silks that the owners would never meddle with many a thrifty utility, or ambitious, respectable part-player would clean and turn and sponge and refurbish and be dressed to death in.

Some years ago, when Haldee Heller (good-hearted woman) left the business, after Robert Heller's death, she dumped any quantity of stage stuff in my store-room, saying: "Some of these silks will do for linings and much of it will make good fuel." Haldee had had an attack of operatic fever once in Australia, and played the Grand Duchesse. All that wardrobe, with lots of second-hand stage dresses, made up the pile, and some of these things are on duty to-day. A half bushel of gloves have been cleaned and recleaned, and an actress, getting a fine salary to-day, told me that she never had a present do her so much good in her life as a lavender silk skirt and a dozen pairs of fine gloves that reached to her shoulders that I gave her out of that discarded rubbish. It was her first season; her little salary would not admit one pair of such gloves, and she was the belle of the ball when she mounted a freshly cleaned pair of those splendid gloves. The first hit she made was in a part when she wore the lavender skirt with a cheap white lace on it, and she keeps it to this day in grateful remembrance.

"Well," I said, "you pass the custom round. Dress up your needy sister. It gives me great pleasure to hear my disposition of Haldee's old clothes worked so much good. Enjoy the same sensation yourself."

Lots of ladies make a practice of selling their discarded things for a mere nothing to dealers, who demand more than those needing 'em can pay. Lots of housekeepers send for second-hand furniture men and peddle off for insignificant sums articles that would make some poverty-stricken neighbor a happy woman. One of the best channels of charity I ever knew was a blessed old woman who every Spring said to me: "If you know any poor woman who would like a bit of carpet or a bedstead, or a very decent rocking-chair, or some old clothes, send 'em to me."

She's in heaven now, and I'll bet if there's any choice in the selection of clouds, or superiority in the make of wings, she's got the call for all the old chairs and clothes she gave away each year while she was on the earth.

Yes, my dear friends, this is a sermon on charity. The Fall season is drawing near and, oh ye heavy drawing salaried women! who have trunks on storage, bethink ye how much more it will advantage you to clothe your struggling sister actresses than to feed the infernal moths.

Ye housekeeping females! Send not forth for the second-hand dealer when you refit your upper rooms and fix up the basement. Remember with an old bedstead your needy seamstress; think of your laundress with the old stuffed rocker, and as you dispose of your things here, so will you find flats in the New Jerusalem exceeding in beauty the one occupied by the old girl who gave five pairs of the old man's pants for a china match-box.

FROU-FROU.

Donnelly versus Shakespeare.

A great achievement of the times, the other day, was the bearding of the British Lion in his fastnesses by one Collier—not Payne Collier, the dramatic critic and editor, but Collier of Chicago—who entered into the presence of the Queen with a petition of congratulation bearing the signatures of 8,000 Porkopolites. He has, however, just now been outdone by another Chicagoan, who has made a brave attempt to strip the mask from one William Shakespeare, and to show conclusively that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare, but "another man."

In other days, when juvenile kites were sent into the air it was considered important to have a tail of sufficient stamina to sustain at its tip a Chinese lantern, a horse, or a paper goose. In this line lies the existence of numerous barnacles which attach themselves parasitically upon the soaring, sky-scraping volume of Shakespeare. They are confident they will be carried far enough up by the great aeronaut to be seen of men looming above the horizon.

Specifically, Ignatius (patronymic) Donnelly (surname) has, in this line performed the miracle of the age. He has superseded all the past achievements of the stage in the way of traps, pitfalls and trick transformations, whereby a noble cavalier drops through one side of the scene and turns up on the other as a smut-faced blacksmith.

In like manner a certain person clothed in actor's habit, bearing a great volume under his arm, is swallowed up as in a chasm, and at a brief interval up comes a grave Judge and no bleman with wig and gown in possession of the self same huge and ample codex. Exit William Shakespeare, enter Lord Bacon, prompter and stage manager Donnelly as aforesaid.

All of this complication is effected by aid of a potential cipher, which by a mere change, presto there! enables one to read between the lines and finds himself with the old powdered jurist of Lincoln's Inn and parting company with the jovial and genial horseholder of Stratford.

The problem we are called on to solve is whether we shall take the author of some thirty nine or forty plays, ranging through all the varieties of the drama—a man largely experienced by moving among all classes of men—associating closely with the wits and dramatists of the day, and possessing a living knowledge and active practice with the stage and its usages; or, on the other hand, ascribe them, on a sophisticated theory, to a grave Judge, who is before the world as a writer of learned theory and didactic maxims, without exhibiting a single spark of the special qualities which distinguish the plays—creative power, fancy, humor and imagination, employed in the protection of a world of varied characters and scenes of ideal sumptuousness and grace.

No number of ciphers placed to the credit of Bacon, as they are coupled with insignificant numerals to enhance the wealth of millionaires and make them figure as great personages, can enrich him with the possessions of Shakespeare.

In all aesthetic cases it is the organic power and development which determines the authorship and proves the genius of the one man in whose brains these vital agencies of creation and nature evince themselves.

There is in the plays in question a continuity of sustained effort and evolution to which we find nothing akin in any of the contemporaries of Shakespeare.

In other words, the main work of Bacon is effected through logical methods and the exercise of the understanding. In Shakespeare these faculties are subordinated, and through all the pages of his writings the ideal and poetical element dominates.

There's no work of Bacon which shows him other than a realist and prose-writer. There is no work of Shakespeare which shows him other than an idealist and poet. But there is in Shakespeare at times a vein of thinking and expression proving that he might have written much that Bacon writes—in fact that Shakespeare enclosed in his vast embrace a Bacon. On the other hand, there is no evidence that Bacon could have written any single page in Shakespeare.

Shakespeare was large enough to enfold and hold Bacon and infinitely more, but Bacon's capacity was insufficient to domicile a Shakespeare of huge compass and pass through the world without a sign that he was with child of a son of the gods and giants.

Ignatius Donnelly is rather late with his posthumous offspring born to a man who has lain quietly in his grave for several centuries. Throughout this contention Brother Donnelly and his confederates have overlooked an important factor in the fervid, all-comprehending, all-absorbing genius which supersedes scholasticism and detailed pedantry, and moves a mighty magnet through the ranks of mankind, segregating and appropriating whatever is of electrical affinity to the work to be done.

Shakespeare is, in truth, a live man, endowed with all the functions and potentialities of manhood. Bacon is a big-wigged formalist and master of statecraft and chicanery. It is simply folly and waste of time to make a question as to which is the dramatist and delineator of life and human nature.

A great philosopher of the last century proclaimed that while the floods of time washed away the structures of other poets, they passed by, leaving unharmed and undiminished, the adamant of Shakespeare. The adamant still lifts itself aloft in its strength and lustre.

NESTOR.

MANAGERS' DIRECTORY.

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General information in regard to the Circuit, railroad connections, etc., will be cheerfully furnished by the Secretary or President.

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London News and Gossip.

LONDON, August 17.

London theatricals are not in a very lively way just now. Nevertheless, we hope and endure and are patient; for even the merest barnstormer knows full well that the hour which immediately precedes the dawn is ever the darkest of the night. This being thus, it is thought by many that that hour has (historically) about been reached, and this reflection is all that we at present have to soothe us. It is true that nine West-end theatres are still open; but at least half of these might just as well (or better) be shut for what good they are doing either to their proprietors or to the public. Of the happier moiety, the Adelphi, with *The Bells of Haverham*; the Princess, with *Shadows of a Great City*, and the Vaudeville, with *Held by the Enemy*, are all doing fairly good business; and the ever popular Dorothy, with Richard Henry's bright *piece de circonstance*, *Jubilant*, continues to attract at the Prince of Wales'. Of the rest, F. C. Burnand's abortive botch of *Ferrier and Bocage's* clever comedy, *La Doctoresse*, at the Globe, is perhaps the most conspicuous failure. But bad business is the rule among them.

Meanwhile the promenade-concert season is setting in with some severity. Covent Garden was opened on Saturday night to enormous business, and has been thronged throughout the week; while next Saturday the venerable Mapleson will start a promenade-concert season at Her Majesty's. This old gentleman has peculiarities which do not commend themselves or him to the favorable regard of some of his contemporaries; but all are agreed that age cannot wither nor custom stale his gameness and invincible perseverance. It is the general opinion that on these points J. H. M. could probably afford to concede weight for age to Bruce's Spider or any other stayer of antiquity. But let that pass.

Presently there will be enough and to spare of things theatrical to chronicle on this side. To-morrow a fearful and wonderful play, entitled *The Royal Mail*, by the author of *A Dark Secret*, is to be put on at the Standard; on Saturday night a mob of educated horses, entitled *Equirational*, are to be exhibited at the Avenue by Miss Hawthorne's manager, W. W. Kelly; on Sept. 3 Drury Lane will open with *Pleasure*—that is to say, with a sensation drama of that name by Augustus Harris and Paul Merritt; a few days later the Olympic will reopen with a new and powerful drama by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, entitled *The Pointmen*; and Terry's new theatre in the Strand is promised to be in readiness by Michaelmas Day. These are only a few of the novelties promised us.

Various gilt-edged scandals now in process of exploitation add to the tale and prove more conclusively than ever—if proof were wanting—that it never rains but it pours.

Of *Loyal Love*, Mrs. James Brown Potter's latest venture at the Gaiety, I will discourse presently. The only other novelty presented since my last has been a three-act farcical comedy, called *The Quack*, which was played last Thursday night at the Royalty Theatre by way of discovering whether it was worth while putting it into any regular bill. Judging from what I saw and heard upon that occasion, I should say that it certainly is not—at all events, in its present form.

The Quack is an adaptation, by one Honig, of Von Moser's *Ein Kranke Familie*, which has had a big success in Germany and has also—unless I am very much mistaken—done good business on the road in the States under the title of *Quack M. D.* If one cared to trace the parentage of this little piece from generation to generation, I dare swear we would strike bed-rock in Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*—there or thereabouts. But it is never worth while to inquire too curiously into trifles. Besides, Von Moser has brought quite enough humor of his own into the transaction to warrant him in calling his piece new and original—as things go. I fancy, however, that the humor must have dropped in the process of

Englishing. There is considerable dialogue and much smashing of plates, falling over chairs and pantomime "rally" business generally; but otherwise you would never suspect *The Quack* to be a genuinely bright and funny piece unless you were told so—and even then it might be advisable to secure the teller's *bona fides* by means of a statutory declaration—and to apply a stiff penalty in case of default.

The "story" consists mainly of a recital of the imaginary ailments of a family of hypochondriacs. Old Naylor, a retired merchant, having nothing else to do, becomes an amateur invalid, and his wife plays the same game. Their son Julius stops out o' nights and gets very drunk, and his doating parents attribute his intoxication to over-study. An honest physician who declines to make money out of his patients' follies is speedily sent to the right-about, and an ignorant quack, who pretends to be an American "sanitary inspector-general," and who calls himself Dr. Sempronius O. Soperius, U. S. S. C., supplies his place. This quack is really a barber and hairdresser and is of course an impostor of the deepest dye. He fools the Naylor family to the top of their bent, but is eventually exposed by the real physician, and all ends happily. The other characters are a doddering imbecile who comes courting one of the Naylor girls, and a deaf aunt, who laboriously misunderstands everybody and everything.

Harry Paulton played the quack and his brother Tom played the dodderer. Harry was lugubriously funny after his wont. Tom was somewhat out of his element, and seemed but an indifferent imitation of Penley's Rev. Robert Spalding. This, however, may have been due more to stage directions than to the actor's attempt at mimicry—for it will be remembered that *The Private Secretary* is also a Von Moser play.

The chief fault in *The Quack*, apart from its dreary dialogue, is that what would go very well in one act has been spun out into three. At the end Paulton senior, in speaking the tag, asked whether kind friends in front would forgive the imperfections of *The Quack*. To this inquiry the stern and unbending critics in the gallery responded with so unanimous a shout of "No!" that the most energetic efforts at applause of a good-natured amateur clique were utterly drowned and dwarfed. If there is anything in natural selection, it would seem that the most fitting fate for *The Quack* is to unite him without delay to Burnand's *Doctress*. Honig and Burnand may, at least, join hands and flatter themselves that they have completely succeeded in rendering their originals ridiculous in an English drama.

Mrs. James Brown Potter, who is certainly plucky as well as pretty, made her third bid for popular favor last Saturday at the Gaiety in a blank-verse play of Portuguese extraction, written by a lady who conceals her identity under the pen name of Ross Neil. This play was published in book form fifteen or sixteen years ago, and was then entitled "*Inez*;" or, *The Bride of Portugal*. Sometime ago, however, Charles Warner took a fancy to it, and lent a hand in reconstructing it—that is to say, he lopped out certain portions, including the tragical denouement which at first it obtained, and later persuaded Mrs. Brown Potter's manager, Mr. Barton Key—who is not unknown to you, I think—to try this piece in place of the non-attractive *Civil War*. Since these negotiations were begun, the play in question has borne several names, including *Meg*, *The Bride of Love*, and *True Love*; but eventually it was christened *Loyal Love*, and under that name was at last introduced to play-goers.

Whether L. L. was worthy of all this trouble of revising and re-naming is very much open to question, for apart from its dialogue—which, like most of Ross Neil's work—is often truly poetic—it is of the conventional penny-plain-two-pence-colored order of architecture, as will be seen from the following sketch of the story.

Inez, who owes her origin to poor but honest parents, has captivated a young Portuguese prince named Pedro. His attentions being, unlike most of young princes in this connection, honorable, he has secretly married *Inez*, whom he keeps "in the garden in the mountains." Pedro's general demeanor and his frequent failure to come home to his princely tea, arouse the suspicions of his father, the King, who, to judge from the programme, has neither Christian name nor surname. These suspicions are soon turned to account by a bold, bad confidant of the King, named Gonzales, who is a mixture of Mephistopheles and Iago, many of his speeches being identical with those of the latter villain. Gonzales would fain "remove" both the King and the heir-apparent, and to this end he causes a bitter feud to rage between father and son, and later, by permission of the hoary-headed monarch, he disguises himself and carries off *Inez* to a deep dungeon below the castle moat—ah! By this time Gonzales' heart tells him that he must possess *Inez* for himself; but she, in spite of his pleadings and of the King's commands, makes other arrangements. So fenced around is she by virtue that Gonzales ever and anon shrinks back from her appalling. Like the dog in the manger, however, he determines that if he cannot possess her, no one else shall. So he orders a myrmidon to hand to *Inez* a full-grown bowl of poison. *Inez* is equal to the occasion, and, preferring death to dishonor, drinks off the deadly drug at a draught, and, after a passionate outburst, falls in a heap upon the dungeon floor. Gonzales' triumph, however, is short, for at this moment shouts are heard without, and Pedro, assisted by several insurgents, breaks through the prison wall with apparent ease. Gonzales points out, with that chuckle peculiar to villains, that Pedro is too late—his bride is dead. Whereupon the myrmidon exclaims: "Aha! not so—I had a wife and child whom I have not seen for years; she," pointing to *Inez*, "spoke of them and moved me to tears;" And then goes on to say that having a drug of a diluted kind ready to hand, he substituted it for the original poison, and that *Inez* only sleeps. "See," says he, "she wakes." Gonzales then endeavors to have Pedro arrested on the charge of rebellion; but at that moment somebody rushes in to announce that the grey-headed old King has passed in his checks and that Pedro reigns in his stead. Whereupon Gonzales is bound hand and foot and carried off for instant execution, and *Inez*, now recovered, embraces Pedro and prepares to share the throne with him.

As *Inez* Mrs. Brown Potter acted with more intensity than she has hitherto displayed, and altogether showed that she may yet win some renown if she can find a better play. Up to now she has been unlucky in her choice of materials; but Barton Key (who was very nervous on Saturday night) is yet hopeful of happening upon a strong and suitable piece. E. S. Willard, who is perhaps our best villain, and certainly our best speaker of blank-verse, played Gonzales—a character that might easily have incited to laughter—in a manner that commanded attention. Kyrie Bellew—"by permission of Mr. Henry E. Abbey, of Wallack's Theatre, New York"—represented the young husband, Pedro, with a romantic vigor that found favor. He has, however, yet to guard against occasional indistinctness of delivery. Bellew's work in your city has certainly helped to remove many of his affected mannerisms. George J. Warde, who, if I remember rightly, visited your shores with Mary Anderson, played the King without a name in an appropriately kingly manner. Once his Majesty was gazed by the audience because of the colloquial manner in which Mrs. Brown Potter, in her nervousness, addressed him as "Old Man!" Sebastian, the Prince's chum, was played by Edwin Cleary, who, I am told, is an American actor of some repute. He didn't have much chance of gaining reputation on Saturday; therefore I cannot at present speak as to his form.

Large numbers of American citizens were among the Gaiety audience, and at one time

threatened to wreck the chances of the piece by applauding with undue violence—not only in season, but out of season—and especially out of season. The audience was on the whole tolerant, but its reception of *Loyal Love* was such as to augur unpleasantly for the play's future.

I may add that the piece can only stay at the Gaiety for about a fortnight all told, as Mrs. Brown Potter's agreement with Manager George Edwards will then terminate; and he is not likely to renew it.

It is not again unlikely that when Edwards again commences business here he will put on Alfred Cellier's comic opera, *The Sultan of Mocha* in place of the burlesque *Esmeralda*, of which Fred. Leslie is part author. Nothing, however, is yet decided. So no more at present from.

GAWAIN.

Gossip of the Town.



Cora Tanner, whose portrait heads this paragraph, is known in private life as Mrs. William E. Sinn. Miss Tanner is the star of that very successful melodrama, *Alone in London*. At the end of the present season she will begin preparations to star in a new play, *Fascination*, which has already had a successful trial production. Not only is Miss Tanner a fine actress, but she is one of the handsomest women on the American stage.

Rehearsals of *Rosedale* began at Wallack's on Monday last. Jack St. Maur has been engaged as advance agent for Lotta.

Grace Sherwood is playing with the Dalys in *Upside Down*.

Rosina Vokes is expected to arrive from England to-day (Thursday).

Joseph McKeever has been engaged as treasurer of the Bijou Opera House.

Isabelle Coe is still playing her original role of Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge in *A Tin Soldier*.

Marie Louise Day is playing the soubrette part in Murray and Murphy's Irish visitors.

Alf. Hayman has been engaged as business manager of a Held by the Enemy company.

Rowland Buckstone and Herbert Kelcey arrived on Monday from England on the *Ohio*.

The Noss Family (concerts) open at Sharpshurg, Pa., on Sept. 6. Ferd. Noss is the manager.

Vallie Eager, last season with Fred Bryton's company has been engaged for the child's part in *Her Atoneement*.

R. E. Stevens is at liberty to engage as manager or advance agent with any first-class star or combination.

The season of the Criterion Theatre, Brooklyn, will open on Monday next with Emily Soldene as the attraction.

Mme. Gerster has signed with Abbey, Schoeffel and Grau for a concert tour of America to begin in November.

W. J. Fassett, of the Held by the Enemy company, has been engaged by George S. Knight for Baron Rudolph.

Gustave Frohman has engaged Branch O'Brien as advance agent of Joseph Adelman's *May Blossom* company.

Harry Chapman has gone to Frankford (suburb of Philadelphia) to take charge of the front of the Opera House there.

H. C. Miner, Jr., will manage the Brooklyn Theatre, which opens on next Monday night with *The Dominie's Daughter*.

Patti Rosa has changed her opening date from Baltimore to Brooklyn, opening at the Grand Opera House on Sept. 12.

Ernest Bartram writes that the opening weeks of *A Night Off*, on the New England circuit, have been very successful.

Kate Carlyon has returned from England and is at present in Toronto. Miss Carlyon is open for engagement as soubrette.

The season of the regular Madison Square Theatre company will open on Oct. 3 with Jim the Penman, which will be put on for four weeks.

Jennie Reiffarth has signed for two years with Conried and Herrmann's Gypsy Baron company, which opens its season at Scranton, Pa., on Sept. 19.

George W. Sammis has returned to the city from his farm at Echo Lake, and is busy getting ready for his season as advance agent for Richard Mansfield.

Herr Possert, the German actor, begins a season of thirteen weeks at the Union Square Theatre under the management of Gustave Amberg on Dec. 26.

Imre Kiralfy is negotiating with Al Hayman for a complete reproduction, in San Francisco, of *The Fall of Babylon*, as it is given at St. George, Staten Island.

George A. Backus has signed to play the light comedy part in *A Dark Secret*, which is to have its American production at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week.

It is more or less boldly hinted that the play, *Secret Foe*, that John A. Stevens is going to produce in London, is our unfortunate Fourteenth Street friend Hypocrite rechristened.

Rehearsals of *Little Puck* began on Tuesday. The season will open at Syracuse on Sept. 12 if everything is in readiness. If not the production will be postponed until a week later.

A play entitled *Angela* will inaugurate the authors' matinees at the Madison Square on Oct. 11. Genevieve Lytton and members of the Madison Square company will form the cast.

Samuel French and Son have purchased from the estate of T. W. Robertson all the rights to the latter's plays. These include *Caste*, *Ours*, *Home*, *School*, *Society*, *M. P.*, and others.

William B. Murray, who has played for one or two seasons as one of the Two Johns, succeeding John Rice, has been engaged as comedian for Julia Anderson, who stars in *Inez*; or, *A Wife's Secret*.

Wright Huntington is in town for a week to look upon the handiwork of Jim the Penman at the Grand Opera House, preparatory to the opening of the No. 2 company, of which he will be a member.

Neil Burgess will begin his season Oct. 1. The Pacific Coast will be visited, and the Californians treated to *Vim* and the *Widow Bedott*, as well as one or two new plays which Mr. Burgess has secured.

Kate Fletcher has been engaged by E. E. Zimmerman to fill the place of the late Annie Boudinot in James O'Neill's *Monte Cristo* company, which opens its season at Trenton on Saturday night.

W. J. Florence sends forth a warning to managers and the profession generally against infringement on his exclusive rights in *Eileen Oge*, which he bought from the author, the late Edmund Falconer.

The New Godiva is the name of a new play—described as an emotional society comedy-drama—in which Pauline Markham is to star this season. Its author is Waldorf H. Phillips, a lawyer of this city.

Howard W. Perry has been re-engaged as box-office keeper at Wallack's Theatre by Henry E. Abbey, while Edward Gillette and William E. Campbell have been secured for similar positions at the Star Theatre.

Charles Puerner has given permission for the use of the song, "Once in a Thousand Years," from his opera, *The Pyramid*, to D. H. Wilson, who will introduce it in *The Doctor*, in which John F. Warde opens a starring tour next week.

George C. Miln had a narrow escape from drowning on the Red River, near Winnipeg, Manitoba, on Sunday last. His boat was capsized, and the actor by accident grasped the keel of the craft, holding on until spectators put out from shore and rescued him.

Irene L. Hernandez, who plays one of the tailor-made girls in *A Hole in the Ground* at the Fourteenth Street Theatre on Sept. 12, is a daughter of the late Tony Hernandez, a well-known and popular minstrel, and has been for the past two seasons with Robson and Crane.

Florence Bindlev, for a second season under the management of Mrs. Emma Frank, opened in Newark, last Monday night, supported by the following company: James Horne, Otis Turner, Etta Frank, Flora Redding, E. E. Redford, H. J. Hirschberg, Charles M. Holly and Bert E. Eyer. C. J. M. Voigt is musical director.

Richard Koenig, who has been for the past three seasons connected with the Thalia Theatre in various capacities, has signed with Conried and Herman. Mr. Koenig will be given special charge of the subscription department of the series of German performances at the Star Theatre.

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The preparations for the celebration of the 50th anniversary of Erminie at the Casino have been completed, and the occasion will be the greatest in the history of the house, as it marks the greatest success that the Casino has ever known. The souvenirs are expected to arrive to-day (Thursday). They are the handsomest ever given away by any theatre, and will cost more than the regular admission fee. For the occasion the orchestra will number sixty instruments. The pillars and the entire house will be decorated with flowers. Misses Hall, Urquhart and Jansen will be seen in new costumes, as will the chorus, and the scenery and appointments will be furnished up.

Rumors have been flying that Francis Wilson, the comedian, had refused to go on the road with the Casino Erminie company after dates had been booked all over the country. "You may state for me," said Rudolph Aronson to a MIRROR reporter, "that there is no truth whatever in the rumor. About five months ago a contract was signed by Mr. Wilson, extending up to May 1, whereby his services are at the command of the Casino management, if required, anywhere in the United States and Canada. It is certainly true that reports were in circulation recently that he was not to go on the road, that he would go to Europe shortly, and even that he had already taken passage; but the statements were untrue. Mr. Wilson will not only go on the road this season, as he has contracted to do, but about two or three weeks ago he signed to remain at the Casino until May 1, 1889."

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Those possessing information as to the unauthorized production of other copyrighted plays are cordially invited to add to this list, and the same invitation is extended to those who may be able to add to the list below.

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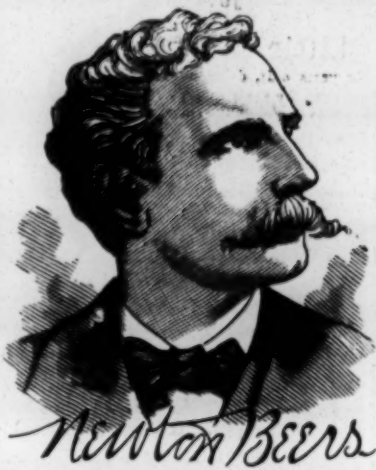
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